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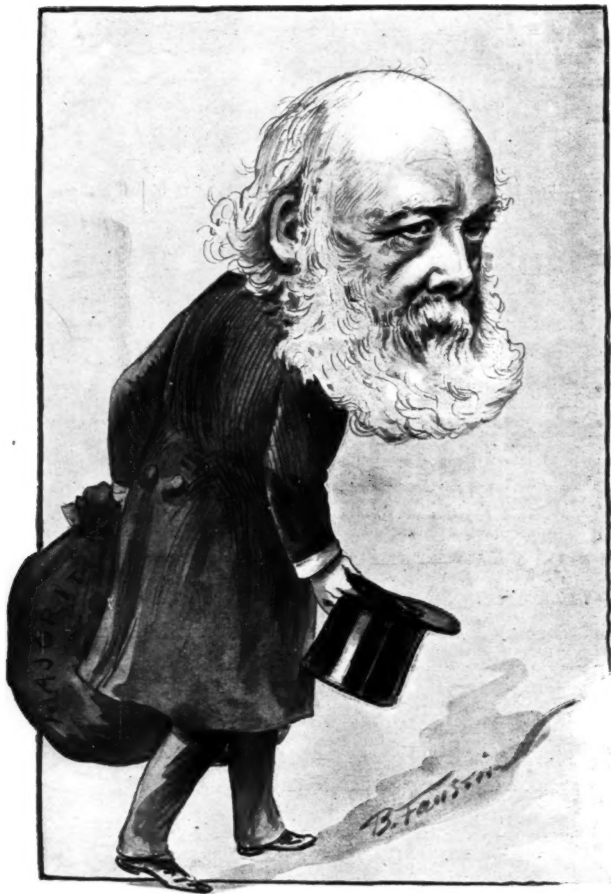
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SOME FRIARS OF OLD

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD
BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE history of the Christian Church is a record of movements, or revivals, centering round individual characters. Generally these movements have been connected with ideas, and have been expressed in theological controversy. Sometimes, however, they have been simply connected with life, and have owed their influence to the striking way in which an individual has been able to put forward a new temper or a new way of looking at things in general.

The most remarkable instance of the influence of a new view of life is given by Francis of Assisi and his early followers. I do not propose to give a history of the Franciscan movement, but simply to point out one side of it—its introduction of a cheerful, contented, and joyous spirit into the details of common life—even when that common life was hard and was surrounded by difficulties.

This came about because Francis himself had no desire to head a movement or create an order, but simply wished to live his own life in the best way he could, free from the troubles

which he saw to be inevitable to the pursuit of the objects which most men aimed at.

He was born in 1181, and was the son of a merchant in the little town of Assisi, in Central Italy. In early days he lived like other young men, served in the wars, and took part in his father's business. This did not satisfy him, and he pined to feel himself free; but he felt that he would not be free amid the circumstances of ordinary life.

One day, when a companion mocked at his melancholy looks, and jeeringly asked, "Are you in love, and thinking of taking a wife?" Francis answered, "Yes, I am in love with Poverty." This idea more and more possessed him till he left his home and his parents, and wandered forth a penniless outcast, who had bought his freedom at a great price, and demanded nothing else but to be free.

At first he was considered to be a madman; but his quietness, his kindness, and his simplicity, impressed people wherever he went, and soon gathered round him a band of followers. In fact, Francis was a poet whose poem was his life, and men came under the spell of its attractiveness. They felt the charm of one who had no worldly care, whose greeting was "Peace be with you!" who announced himself as

"the herald of the Great King," whose message was one of happiness, and who showed that he himself possessed its secret.

He lived on such food as was offered him; his home was the forest or the cave in the mountains. He asked for nothing, and expected nothing, but showed by the force of his example that all good things are to be found within the heart. He did not speak to men of future happiness, but of present happiness; he did not preach the law of God, but the love of Christ. He did not set forth doctrines concerning Christ, but His Person. He did not denounce sin, but allured to righteousness. He opposed no one and attacked nothing, but lived his own life and expressed his own thoughts.

The influence of such a life was enormous, and is hard to understand. But the point which I wish to bring before you is the part which was played in this process by simple joyousness and good humour.

Francis himself taught by a series of acted parables. Once when he was ill a friend persuaded him to eat a piece of chicken. On his recovery he ordered one of his brethren to tie a rope round his neck and drag him like a malefactor through the streets of the nearest town, proclaiming, "This is a glutton, who fattened himself on chickens without letting you know." The spectators looked at one another and said, "What about ourselves, who spend our lives in luxury?"

Again, he shunned human praise, and when he was received with honour, would turn to one of the brethren and say, "I charge you by your obedience to speak the truth against these falsehoods." The brother would unwillingly say that Francis was a boor, and fond of money, and indolent, on which Francis would smile and exclaim, "May the Lord bless you for telling the truth, for this is what ought to be said of my father's son."

On another side he turned people's attention to the beauties of nature and to the life of the animal creation. Beasts had no fear of him, and he used

this fact to help his teaching. One day he was delighted to find that a flock of birds was not disturbed by his presence. He preached them a sermon. "My brothers, the birds, you ought greatly to praise the Lord your Creator, and love Him always, for He has clad you with feathers, and given you wings to fly, and supplied all your needs. He has made you noble amongst His creatures, for He has given you a mansion in the purity of the sky, and though you neither sow nor reap, He provides for you without any care of yours."

At another time when he was preaching to a crowd on a hillside, he was disturbed by the twittering of the swallows, who were busy in building their nests. He turned to them and said, "My sisters, the swallows, it is now time for me to speak, for you have said enough. Listen to the word of God, and be silent, till I have finished my sermon." We are told that the swallows obeyed him.

Again, a brother brought him a hare that had been caught in a snare. Francis exclaimed, "Brother hare, come to me. Why did you allow yourself to be beguiled?" The hare, on being let loose, took refuge in his bosom.

On another occasion he saw one lamb feeding amongst a flock of goats. He stopped and said with a sigh, "That poor sheep is like our Lord Jesus Christ, gentle and humble among the Pharisees and Chief Priests. Let us buy it and save it." They possessed nothing except the poor clothes which they wore, and stood in distress, till a merchant, passing by, gave them the money. Then rejoicing they went on their way to Osimo and gave the lamb into the keeping of the Bishop.

This beautiful poetry in Francis took other forms amongst his followers. Thus, Brother Egidius delighted to work with his hands and earn a bare livelihood. After spending a day in chopping wood, the woman who employed him offered him a very moderate price for his labour. "I will not be

tempted by avarice," he said, and gave her back half her money.

He picked the walnuts off a tree and was given in payment a portion of the crop. Finding it more than he could carry, he took off his tunic and tied the walnuts in it, that he might distribute them to the poor.

One day when staying at a monastery he went to fetch water for the monks. On his way back he was asked

Archbishop of Risti he annoyed his host by going out to work every morning and appearing at dinner with a loaf under his arm which he had earned by his labour. One night there was a heavy rain so that in the morning the river was impassable, owing to the flood. The Archbishop said, laughingly, "You'll have to dine at my expense to-day, for you cannot get to your work." Egidius betook himself



"This is a glutton who fattened himself on chickens without letting you know."

for a drink by a traveller who was resting by the wayside. He replied, "This water does not belong to me, but to the monks, and I cannot give it to you." The traveller rated him for his churlishness, and Egidius hastened to deliver his burden at the monastery. Then he ran back to the well and brought a bowl to the traveller, saying, "I am sorry that honesty prevented me from giving you the other water; but this I have brought for you."

Once when he was staying with the

to the Archbishop's kitchen and pointed out to the cook that the floor was sorely in need of washing, and that he was ready to wash it for a loaf of bread. He accordingly appeared at dinner with his own provisions as usual.

It is not wonderful that a man of this practical capacity and homely common-sense became a popular teacher and had a power of putting great truths in a simple way. He was consulted by one who wished to know how he was to overcome a certain temptation.



"Do the same to your temptation."

"What would you do," said Egidius, "to a fierce dog who was rushing upon you?" "I should hit him," was the answer, "and drive him away." "Then," said Egidius, "do the same to your temptation."

When another asked for his prayers, he said, "Why do you ask me to do what you can do for yourself?" "Because I am so unworthy." "If," retorted Egidius, "proclamations were made that all the streets of the city were full of silver and gold, would you think yourself unworthy to scramble for the treasure?"

Another time when he was seated, apparently doing nothing, he was

asked, "What are you doing?" He replied, "I am doing what is evil." "What are you doing?" "Tell me," was the answer, "who is more ready, God to give His Grace, or we to receive it." "Truly God is more ready to give than we to receive." "Then," said Egidius, "are we doing what is good?" "No, we do evil." "See, then," said Egidius, "how true was my answer that I was doing evil."

It was by this epigrammatic, direct, and humorous way of dealing with common matters as they arose that the Franciscans embodied teaching in their life, and set forth great truths in a new and striking way which even the simplest could understand.

The brother who carried this simplicity to a point at which it became almost ludicrous was Ginepro or Juniper. One day at Christmas time he was praying in the church of the monastery of Assisi. A poor woman came in and begged. Juniper, having nothing of his own, cut off some silver bells which adorned the frontal of the altar, and gave them to the beggar. The sacristan, who had only left the church to eat his dinner, was horrified on his return at this sacrilegious act. He hastened to the General of the Order and told him of the outrage which Juniper had committed. The General summoned a chapter and rated



Regone!"

Juniper till his voice failed him. Juniper, however, was not so much overcome by the eloquence of his rebuke as he was by pity for his hoarseness.

Revolving in his mind what he could do to make amends for having produced

such a result, he went away and prepared with great care a bowl of excellent gruel. Before this was ready the General was in bed and asleep; but Juniper was not to be balked in his charitable intentions. With a candle in one hand and the gruel in the other,

he knocked at the door of the General's cell until he awoke him. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed, hastily opening his door. "My father," said Juniper, "you lost your voice through reproving me to-day. I bethought me of a remedy, and I pray you sup this gruel, for it will ease your chest and throat." "A fine time of night," said the General, "to come and disturb me. I have no wish to eat at such an hour. Begone!" and then he vented his anger in fresh reproaches.

Juniper listened in silence till he had finished, and then said, "My father, since you will not sup the gruel, at least hold the candle for me and I will sup it."

Overcome by the obvious simplicity of the man, the General recovered his temper and said with a laugh, "Well, since you will have it so, let us eat it together."

This story serves to show how the Franciscan movement created a new appreciation of simple and childlike qualities to which the world rarely pays much attention. It penetrated to the foundations of life and character, and set the desire of doing good to others in the foremost place. It showed how much

a man could do with sincere intentions, how those intentions could overleap ordinary conventions and be recognized at their true worth.

It might be supposed that this imaginative impulse would be confined to Italy, the land which gave it birth; and that it was only adapted to the temperament of a Southern people. This, however, was not the case, for as the order grew the brethren wandered into other countries. They went with no other equipment for their missionary zeal than that of abundant good intentions.

In the year 1219 sixty of them set out for Germany. The only word of the German language which they succeeded in picking up was "Ja" (yes). When they were asked if they wanted food or lodging this was a sufficient answer. But on one fatal day they were asked if they were heretics who had come to disturb Germany, in the same manner as North Italy had been disturbed some years before. When all unwittingly they answered, "Ja," some were imprisoned and others were put naked in the stocks. They were driven to quit the country, and reported



The others laughingly threw him on the ground.

ESK



The joke rapidly became too much for them.

that Germany was a cruel and barbarous land.

However, two months later a General Chapter of the Order was held at Assisi, when three thousand brethren were present. Inquiry was made if any would volunteer to make a renewed attempt on Germany. Ninety rose and offered themselves for what was considered almost certain death. A young brother of the order, Giordano, or Giano, tells us that his constant prayer had been that he might escape the ferocity of the Germans; but when he saw this band of martyrs his curiosity led him to go amongst them and inquire their names that he might be able to say in later days, if any of them were mentioned in his presence, "I knew the man."

One whom he asked, a genial and jocular man, told him his name and said, "You, too, shall go with us." Giordano vainly attempted to disclaim the honour. The other laughingly

threw him on the ground, and held him there till he was enrolled. He accepted the position with a sigh, and set off with the rest to Germany. So light-heartedly did these men submit themselves to hardships.

Their humour, however, stood them in good stead. They went two and two, begging their bread. But the Germans, though pious, were not liberal, and answered with the formula "Gott berath!" (may God provide!) "This 'Gott berath,' said one of the brethren, 'will kill us.'" So the next time this formula was used he professed to understand it in the opposite meaning, and with many smiles and signs of gratitude sat down on the bench by the door. The people of the cottage were so overcome by his imperturbable good humour that they gave what he wanted, and finding this device profitable, he continued it for the good of his companions.

The Order was soon established in

Germany, and Giordano, who had entered upon his task so much against his will, had a large share in bringing about its establishment.

In England the brethren were received with cordiality, and had no difficulty in establishing themselves, but there also it was their good humour and geniality which commended them. Men marvelled to see the joyousness of those who possessed no worldly goods. The English warden found it necessary to issue orders commanding the brothers to restrain their mirthfulness while they were saying their offices. Indeed it was difficult to repress the exuberance of their spirits.

One night a body of monks craved their hospitality. They had no beer in the house, and could only procure a little for their supper. They agreed that as the cup was passed round the table they should only pretend to drink, and leave it all to their guests. But the joke rapidly became too much for them. They caught one another's eye while engaged in making pretence, and at last all rolled upon the floor overcome by inextinguishable laughter.

One of the most characteristic of their apologues was told by a brother in England. He was ill, and as he lay upon his bed he saw a vision. Two friends entered the room and took their places at either side of his bed; they were followed by his guardian angel, who stood at the bed-head. The friends began to recount to one another all the things which the sick man had ever done or said amiss. At last one proceeded, "Besides all this, although he is a friar he is continually laughing and joking, and giving way to his natural frivolity." Then the guardian angel spoke. "Hitherto I have suffered you, because what you said was true; but now you are speaking what is untrue, and are making that a sin which is no sin that you may fill his mind with despair." So saying, he drove the friends from the room.

Enough has been said to show the main characteristics of this religious movement, which more profoundly affected human life than any other in

the history of the Church. It set up a new conception of human character. It brought the Christian Faith into direct contact with life. It taught men to recognize the value of little things, and thereby immensely extended their mental horizon.

The ideal was very simple—that peace of mind was the greatest bliss in life, and could only be obtained by a genuine faith in Christ—not a faith that had to be painfully nourished by observances, but a faith grounded upon a true perception of what He was and what He gave. The object of the Franciscans was to set forth the life of Christ as His first disciples tried to live it while the sense of their Master's presence was still upon them. Hence the appeal which the Franciscans made was simple and direct. It gave men a sense of their natural dignity, and brought a new feeling of equality. In fact, Francis glorified poverty by claiming it as the true aristocracy.

Men's minds were singularly impressed when they saw princes and nobles in their magnificent attire, mounted on their stately steeds, doffing their caps in reverence to the barefoot friar who toiled along the road, with no possession of his own save the tattered raiment which he wore. The friar felt, and justified his feelings, that all the world was his, because the world was God's, and he had no other object save to live as a child of God.

Those who were concerned with getting bore upon their brow the marks of care, but the friar was always cheerful, because such cares entered not into his life. Cheerfulness and the humour which comes from a cheerful mind were the two chief means by which he impressed on men's minds the meaning of his message.

This cheerfulness was the outward sign of a clear recognition of the unity of life. Discontent and dissatisfaction always come from the lack of a clear purpose, or from a feeling that the purpose which we are pursuing is petty and unworthy. All movements are successful as they bring back men's minds to a recognition of great and simple

truths. It is not only necessary to assert these truths, but also to show their practical application. This was exactly what the Franciscans did. They approached life in a simple spirit and showed the power of that spirit in a joyous, buoyant, and cheerful temper.

This temper found satisfaction everywhere. It discovered beauty hitherto

unrecognized, and pursued it into the smallest details of common life. When the Franciscan regarded the earth as his heritage he approached it with quite a new feeling. The companionship of Francis with birds and beasts, his joy in woods and mountains, taught men to look at things which they had neglected, and disclosed the greatness of a heritage of which no untoward circumstances

could deprive them. The earth in all its beauty was theirs; birds and beasts were their natural comrades. When they had so much that was absolutely their own, why should they not enjoy it first, before they sought to gain more?

It was this appeal which turned men's attention to art, which kindled their imagination, which produced an

outburst of poetry and a new sense of individual freedom. The stimulus spread throughout Europe. Every country felt its influence, and the thirteenth century exhibited a marvelous advance of the human mind which was largely the result of the teaching of Francis and his companions.

The impulse given by the Franciscan

movement could not, of course, be maintained. It is of the nature of an imaginative impulse that it should fade away and lose its force when it is turned into a system. All systems have to adapt themselves to things as they are, whereas ideas point to things as they ought to be. The Franciscan Order soon departed from



The guardian angel drove the friends from the room.

many of its original principles.

Francis himself was a man of little learning, and dreaded the influence of learning upon his brethren; but his order was soon powerful in all the universities, and undertook the direction of thought. This was inevitable; but it destroyed the simple and direct appeal to men's consciences which was the secret of the method of Francis.

The object, however, which I have before me is merely to point out the importance to the world's progress of a simple and straightforward way of looking at life and its meaning. This is not so much expressed in teaching, in speaking, in lofty ideas, or in beautiful words, as is expressed in a cheerful temper. Great thoughts are only influential when they are translated into simple actions.

The proof of having overcome the world is to be able to deal with it, not as a superior, not in a morose temper, but as one who knows its real meaning,

who sees that it is good, who treats it as his own possession, which he does not fear, because he knows its secret. This is the foundation of a cheerful temper, and it is by our cheerfulness, more than anything else, that we show the sincerity of our own convictions, and the sufficiency of our own beliefs for answering all questions and solving all difficulties. It has seemed to me worth while to recall this truth from the records of the past, and show its far-reaching influence upon the minds of men.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo



A WISH.

WHAT can I wish for thee? Riches and Honour?
All that can make thy life gay?
Say, "Let the people heap glory upon her"?

Nay;

Would Fame survive its ephemeral hour,
Would it not die the fleet death of a flower?

What can I wish for thee? All thou desirest?
All thou darest pray for to-day?
Early fulfilment of all thou aspirest?

Nay;

Leave to our Maker the choice of my meed,
So I may bless thee, and bless thee indeed

WINIFRED SUTCLIFFE.

INDIA'S GREAT CRIMES



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TRIST R. MONK.

ANARCHISM is a rarity in the Orient, so rare indeed, that some have even asserted that it does not exist.

Among those who shared such a belief was Robert Barts, an assistant inspector of the Indian Police, familiarly called "Bobs," owing to his having often manifested a pluck and endurance strangely akin to that often manifested by the great nicknamed one.

In temperament he was stern and taciturn, save when there was a "case" in the wind. Then his moroseness became merged into a strange sort of eagerness never seen in anyone else but Barts. Therefore, when he burst into his brother officer's bungalow parlour, wearing an eager look, Aljar immediately sat bolt upright in his chair, vouchsafing by way of greeting:

"Have you found out who is Merri-ton's murderer?"—a topic then of paramount interest in Rangoon.

Barts took a chair before replying.

"No," said he, quietly. "To tell you the truth, dear boy, I have been locating a far more interesting mystery."

"Really?" Aljar smiled. "Have a drink. You'll find all you want on that

table at your elbow. What is this new mystery?"

"It's a conspiracy which, originating in Soho, will be consummated in Calcutta."

"Soho!" echoed Aljar, surprised. "You don't mean to say that we are going to have some samples of dynamite exploded about the place?"

"You've hit the situation to a T," answered Barts, calmly. "The plot which I have discovered has for its object nothing more or less than the blowing up of the vice-regal palace at Calcutta."

"Pshaw!" Aljar interjected. Then added, hastily, "Sorry, Bobs, old man; only the whole thing seems so devilish incomprehensible, you know."

Barts shrugged his shoulders, and taking out his pocket-book, carefully withdrew a letter from same and gave it to his companion, who, taking it, glanced carelessly at the three lines it contained, which were as follows:—

"Sir,—The rooms Isaac Krané engaged about the corner. Arthur L. Carew underlet the three.

AVINGSBEAGH."



"He cried, paling. 'It is 'Strike at Calcutta.'"

"Well?" Aljar glanced inquiringly at Barts. "I fail to see anything in this note relative to this plot you are so great on."

"Does not the wording strike you as a trifle stilted? No? Well, read the initial letter of each word."

Aljar did so, a slight exclamation escaping him.

"By Jove!" he cried, paling. "It is 'Strike at Calcutta,' and that can only mean——"

"Blowing up the Earl of Truro?"

"Yes."

"Precisely. I was in the Post-office this morning over a little affair, and had to go through the sorting room. The employés were away, and lying on the top of a pile of letters was this blue envelope," holding it out at arm's length. "I don't know why I glanced

at it—perhaps the post-mark of 'Soho' attracted me—I took it up, and then it was I noticed this little cross in the corner. Of course you know what construction to put on such a sign coming from so select a criminal locality?"

"It means, naturally, from the 'Dagger Society,'" said Aljar. "You stole the letter, of course. Well, what is your plan of campaign now, Bobs? I suppose to have the addressee arrested, eh?" He put out his hand to ring a bell.

"By no means!" said Barts, coolly. "I only steamed open this letter, so I shall gum it up once more, and replace it where I took it from. He will possibly receive it before the last post to-night, and will leave for Calcutta at the earliest opportunity, by

the Friday boat. Meanwhile I shall start to-night and shall run him down on landing. My boy, promotion looms ahead, and I'm not going to mull the chance of a lifetime. I know the man perfectly by sight."

"As you like," answered Aljar, gaily. "I will accompany you, if you like."

"Thanks," replied the other, genially. "If I had not intended to ask you to come with me I should not have confided all this to you. Till to-night, then,—at the wharf, eh?" Barts rose.

"I must be off now, as I have some arrangements to make before leaving. Remember, old boy, in this journey you will carry your life in your hands, so if you feel a bit off the job, it isn't too late to say so. It is going to be a case of 'diamond cut diamond' this

trip, and the one who plays number two in this game goes under."

"I don't intend to play number two, old chap," laughed Aljar, gaily. "So long, till eight o'clock, then, at the wharf. Till we meet, mum's the word." He nodded cheerily to Barts as he left the room.

The day wore slowly away, too slowly for the impatient Barts, who felt that every moment which went by was an irreparable loss for him. An eternity

off the quay on to the steamer, a curse bursting from between his closely-set lips as he scanned the features of the new arrival.

"What's up, man?"

"Did you notice that Burman just come on board?" said Barts, hoarsely. "That's the man I had hoped to get two days start of. He is the addressee of that letter I showed you to-day, Pra-Lal, the Brahmin."

"Who is this Pra-Lal?" inquired



[The Captain was furious, threatening to have him thrown overboard.]

had seemed to elapse before he went on board the steamer at eight o'clock, but his uneasy spirit grew more restless as he heard the command to let go the hawsers.

Aljar was standing abaft the funnel, when the bell in the engine-room announced to the expectant engineers that the *Calcutta* was to forge ahead at "half-speed," and he was about to offer Barts a cigarette when he noted that his companion started as a man jumped

Aljar. "He has been regarded suspiciously for some time now."

"I have made the discovery to-day," said Barts, glancing furtively about him. "I have made the acquaintance of a Burman whose actions of late have appeared highly suspicious, and to-day I made him drunk. You know the old adage, 'When the wine is in the wits are out.'" He smiled. "He babbled so well that the result is that my Burmese friend is in gaol for his

participation in this self-same plot, and I know the real name of the gentleman who has just come on board."

"Who is he?" asked Aljar, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Mungwa San, nephew of Theebaw, and ringleader of this plot."

Aljar frowned.

"I thought that he had been killed some time back, beneath the walls of Mandalay."

"So do most people," said Barts in a low voice. "He has been lying low, though brewing all this time a revolt against British rule, having for its main object the seizure of Theebaw's throne and Burmah, which he says are temporarily in the possession of Her Britannic Majesty. Apart from this little variety entertainment which he has been so industriously planning, he has a little score against the Earl of Truro which he has long wanted to wipe off. For this purpose he joined the Asiatic branch of the 'Dagger Society,' which has its sole meeting-place in Calcutta. Having volunteered to murder the Viceroy, he was accepted to do the deed, and is now on his way to receive final instructions at headquarters. If we carry this through without a hitch, we shall break up a society already begun to be feared, and foil a State plot."

"It's well to say 'if,'" remarked Aljar gaily. "That beggar's presence on board has somewhat complicated the difficulty. We shall not have two days to prepare for his coming."

"No," muttered Barts, coldly. "If we want to land our quarry we shall have to look slippery and be rather diplomatic. Come into my cabin, old man, I have a little plan on hand in which you must take part, and it's risky chatting on deck."

A strange circumstance happened that night, being nothing less than the suicide of Robert Barts, alias Jameson, as he was registered in the ship's list. The night was dark as Eblis, and the first intimation those on board had of the occurrence was the sound of a heavy splash, and the cry of "Man overboard!" raised by Aljar.

The electric bell of the engine-room indicator tinkled furiously, the screws beat furiously astern, lashing the sea into a phosphorescent foam. This was followed by a rush of feet and the creaking of blocks as the dingy was lowered from the davits into the sea. For half an hour the crew scoured the surrounding water, ultimately bringing their boat up beneath the falls, wearied with a fruitless search, and Mr. Jameson was registered in the log as lost at sea.

The gloom which fell over the ship after the tragic occurrence was somewhat dissipated by the discovery of a Hindoo mendicant, who had somehow contrived to stow himself away in the lazarette. The captain was furious, threatening to have him thrown overboard there and then, when Mungwa San, who had been gazing curiously at a tattoo mark on the Hindoo's shoulder, where his clothes had been torn from his back by the rough handling which he had suffered, generously came forward and paid a first-class fare for the wretched man as far as Calcutta. The captain shrugged his shoulders, as a manner of expressing that he washed his hands of the whole affair, and Mungwa San took the mendicant into his own cabin, much to the surprise of everyone on board. Once there, the Burman locked the door, and, turning to the Hindoo, stared at him long and searchingly.

"Where do you come from?" he queried brusquely.

"From London, most gracious Protector of the Poor," replied the Hindoo, deferentially.

Once more the Burman stared searchingly at the impenetrable face before him, then said, almost sharply,

"Are you from Soho?"

The Hindoo smiled grimly, and made a gesture like a Catholic crossing himself.

"Aye, the mark of the dagger!" exclaimed the Burman, making a like movement. "You are also in the movement. I recognized you by the dagger mark on your shoulder. You are from the Executive, eh?" whis-



"When does he die?" cried the assembled men.

pered the Burman excitedly. "Tell me what hope does Calton Sahib hold out to me that I shall have the Brotherhood's support in winning back King Theebaw's throne? Tell me. What did the President say?"

"The ways of the Brotherhood are many and various, therefore seek not to find out what they are before the time," replied the Hindoo, craftily. "First let one Brother 'Strike at Calcutta.'"

"In five days," said Mungwa San, "the blow will have fallen by my hand. But first I must report myself to the Brotherhood in Calcutta. You will come with me?"

"Such is my intention," replied the Hindoo, placidly. "Your zeal and the help which you have given me in the name of the Brotherhood shall not be forgotten when we greet the Great Council."

The passengers, at first surprised by the strange friendship which sprang up between the oddly-assorted pair, grew accustomed to it as time wore on, and when on, reaching Calcutta, the two

drove off to a neighbouring hotel, the circumstance failed to elicit the slightest comment.

Aljar, strangely enough, was the only one who appeared to be interested in the pair, smiling oddly to himself as the Hindoo flashed a lightning glance at him as he passed along the gangway.

An hour later Aljar was with the head of the Calcutta police.

"Mr. Edwin Aljar, I believe," remarked the latter, tentatively, glancing at the little piece of pasteboard which he held, then, as his visitor bowed acquiescingly, added, "What can I do for you?"

"I want the loan of twenty police troopers for this evening," answered Aljar, coolly.

The head of the police bowed.

"You have, of course, your order in form," he said, "Might I trouble you for it?"

Aljar smiled and raised his hand, showing the chief a ring on his finger bearing the letters "S.I.D." engraved on its surface,

"That is my order," said he. "I

belong to the Secret Intelligence Department. Is that sufficient? Thanks! I want steady men for to-night's job, men who can stand against possible odds, and, above all, men who can keep their mouths shut."

"They shall be thoroughly reliable," said the Chief, bowing. "When do you require them?"

"I shall be here at ten to-night; let them be ready by then. Good afternoon." And so saying, Aljar left the Chief a prey to curiosity which he felt might remain for ever ungratified.

Meanwhile Mungwa San and his quondam companion spent the day right royally, only leaving the hotel when ten had boomed out across the city. Then the Burman with a swift gait led the Hindoo through the town to the lower quarter by the river, piloting him among the maze of streets with a skill which betokened long acquaintance with the purlieus of the town, till at last he halted before a slatternly-looking hovel. He struck the door heavily with his clenched fist, and in answer to a query as to who was there, replied briefly that a man who lost his way sought refuge for the night. This proved an "Open sesame," for the door swung back on its hinges, and they found themselves in a narrow passage, which was terminated by a large room, reeking with opium fumes,

"Hail, royal Brother!" cried the assembled men, who numbered perhaps thirty. "When does he die?"

"Hush, fools!" growled Mungwa San. "Even the stones of this cursed city have ears."

"And who is your companion?" inquired a tall Hindoo, glancing suspiciously at the Burman's companion.

"He is from the Executive in London," replied Mungwa San, "and one of great worth to this Society. In short, a special messenger from the Brotherhood in London to us."

"Then he is welcome," said the tall Hindoo, who had before spoken. "Any friend to the Cause which rids the world of knaves and tyrants who misrule lands is welcome here. Speak, Brother, we are all assembled. Do you come to

tell us that Russia is without a ruler, or that, the blow having already fallen, the Empire is ruled by another tyrant who needs removal—at our hands?"

The stranger shook his head.

"No," he said, coolly, "Russia as yet has the same ruler; the blow has not yet fallen, nor will it, yet awhile."

"Is Pardo afraid? or has he left the Embassy for London?"

"He is still in St. Petersburg," replied the Hindoo, placidly. "He awaits his orders."

"And what is your mission?" inquired the other. "Speak fearlessly, we are all brothers, and I am president of this branch of the Society."

"So be it, then. I have been sent to herald the coming of two of the Brotherhood of London. Receive them well, and hide them till you can forward them on their journey."

"They are tracked?"

"I fear so!"

"Are they named Hounston and Mills?"

"Hush!" cried the Hindoo, peremptorily, "Names are dangerous things."

"You are right, brother. We will allude to them as the Vice-Presidents." The President's eyes gleamed with pleasure. "Why did they not come over with the Chief?"

"Because time pressed and they are suspects. When does the Chief's boat arrive?"

"On the 20th. Is he travelling under his usual alias of Wilson?"

"No," replied the Hindoo, a strange light dancing in his eyes. "It is too dangerous to always go by one. This time he goes by that of Robinson."

"Ah!" the President sighed. "Am I to give the Vice-Presidents shelter till they go to conduct it in San Francisco?"

"Precisely! The register of members is in safe keeping?"

"In my house." The President paused, then turning to Mungwa San, said, "We have found out the surest way of meting out death to the Vice-roy, with but little danger to yourself. To-morrow night he goes to a ball

given at the Bavarian Consulate. The coachman is bribed to drive him there by a short cut. You follow me? . . . There he will drive slowly, he will be alone, and you can stab him to the heart with this," presenting the Burman with a horn-hafted hunting knife, bearing the name *Hoffman* on it. "I have stolen this from the Bavarian Consulate—it will divert suspicion from you. *Hoffman*, the attaché, is known to hate the Viceroy, therefore, perhaps his protestations that it was stolen from him may not be believed. If so, all the better for the Society."

The Burman salaamed as he took the knife that was to play so important a part in the dastardly crime contemplated.

"Brahma grant that it speed truly home!" said the President, reverently.

"Death to tyranny!" shouted the Hindoo stranger. "Death —"

A crash of rending timbers drowned his last words. The assembled miscreants stood as though turned to stone; their pallid faces, pale beneath their natural tan, alone betraying the access of terror beneath which they laboured. But one among the whole gang seemed to be indifferent to what was happening, and that one was the Hindoo stranger, who had somehow produced two revolvers, one

of which covered the cowering Mungwa San.

A fearful crash as the outside door fell inwards awoke them from their lethargy.

"Every man for himself!" yelled the President. "The Police are upon us!"

"Halt!" yelled the Hindoo stranger, pressing the cold barrel of his revolver against the President's temple. "Halt! or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Spy!" gasped the amazed native.

"Yes, you plum-coloured fool!" retorted the stranger, coolly. "Otherwise Barts of the Indian Police."

His words were almost drowned in the sharp reports of revolvers and the shouts of angry combatants as the Police came in collision with the miscreants. A few tried to escape by the back way, but were met in the passage by a small posse of police coming up to aid their companions. One tried to escape by the win-

dow, but, receiving a bullet in his head for his pains, his friends declined to follow his example, and, deeming discretion the better part of valour, surrendered to a man.

An hour later, the Vice-regal coachman had been kidnapped, and the telegraph was busy clicking out messages to London, Cairo, and St. Petersburg,



"Halt! or I'll blow your brains out."

with the result that in the former place a raid was made on a certain house in Soho, which proved highly successful. In Cairo a passenger of a certain steamer, named Wilson, after going on shore, failed to appear again, and the steamer had to proceed on its way without him; whilst in St. Petersburg a young gentleman of the name of Prado was called on in the middle of the night and sent to Saghalien for a change of air. Simultaneously with the above recorded events, a raid was made on a club in Conduit Street, San Francisco, which event happened to locate the whereabouts of sundry persons who had been long wanted by the police.

Thus was shattered a Society which at one period of its career bade fair to become one of the most terrible bodies ever known.

"Yes," remarked Barts, afterwards, as Aljar and he talked over the adventure, "I flatter myself that the throwing overboard of my weighted valise was a jolly good imitation of the splash of a body. But, for all that, if you hadn't been such a dab at the staining dodge I'd have been in Kingdom Come instead of being here."

"Fudge, man!" laughed Aljar. "Your linguistic powers tided you over everything. Still, I'll admit the colouring wasn't bad. The mark of the Society was a triumph."

"Yes, it was *AI*. I've only got a trace of it left on now. What did you do it with?"

"Nitrate of silver," grinned Aljar. "Gives a very good tattoo imitation, you know, Bobs."



Where are you going, my pretty maid?

THE FIRST SWORD OF THE SECOND EMPIRE :

HIS EXPLOITS AS THE EMPEROR'S EMISSARY.

BY S. BEACH CHESTER.

I.

"BONAVENTURE," said the Emperor, "you shall be munificently rewarded; you shall have the Governorship of Quebec, *if*—and I place stress upon the word—you succeed."

"The Emperor's emissary will succeed, if success be possible," I answered.

"Very good, very good," his Majesty impatiently rejoined, "*enfin*, excellent." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he appeared to brighten with definite purpose. "I have it, at last," said he; "a very clever conception—quite worthy of myself, I assure you, Baron."

"His August Majesty could conceive naught else than the most brilliant," I humbly concurred; although, to tell the truth, I failed to grasp his meaning.

"No compliments, Baron, no compliments. I am well aware of my potent faculties. . . . But enough of this banter; let us turn to the subject in point; I will explain."

"The Emperor has but to speak; his servant listens."

"Then, my right trusty Bonaventure,

hear this. You have asked me—with a demonstration of forethought, I grant—what explanation I shall give the world for the unprovoked chastisement of the English dogs? Eh? you have asked me this?"

"The Emperor of the French has had some reference made to the matter by his most unworthy subject."

"So I imagined, cousin. However, the very loop-hole I require is the Orsini affair; it may again be unearthed, as it were. We may concoct new evidence, which will prove conclusively that the recent attempt on my life was at the direct instigation of Lord—and his satellites. This will once more place the affair in an international light; we shall accept no excuse from the British Cabinet, and the result will be—indeed, must be—war. Between ourselves, Bonaventure, I do not for one instant believe that the stupid English had any connection with the plot. 'Tis true the bombs were made in Warwickshire and the scheme was hatched in London, but from beginning to end, the work was the work of Italians. Nevertheless, it is not our policy to acknowledge this; as I say, it forms the *raison d'être* of the proposed

war. . . . Do you not think the venture highly feasible?"

"The Most Exalted is ever the embodiment of excellent wisdom;" the opinion of his Ambassador counts not."

As I finished my little eulogy His Majesty arose—a signal that the audience was at an end. For a moment he said nothing, but thoughtfully stroked his celebrated facial adornments. Then, still without a word, he pulled a silken cord and immediately there appeared a lacquey garbed in the Imperial livery:

"Guide his Excellency the Baron to his carriage," thundered the Emperor, for the liveried one tremblingly poised a golden salver upon which rested a box of immense cigars. Turning to me, he said, "*Frappe fort*—strike hard, friend,"

"So may I always, Sire, when the Emperor deigns to command." And with a profound obeisance I withdrew from the Imperial presence and from the Elysée.

The precise nature of my mission may readily be set forth in a few words. . . . The misguided Emperor, God rest his soul, had a peculiar passion based upon several motives. The nucleus of this passion was to recover the lost Provinces of New France, now, unfortunately, a British possession. The motives were three in number; Colonial greed, a rooted antipathy to the British, and the fact that he himself derived his least impure blood from the Beauharnais,* of Beauharnais, in the Province of Quebec. His Imperial Majesty's mother was a daughter of the house. . .

. . . For myself there is little to be said by way of introduction. I am a Bonaventure, of Bonaventure in the North-Eastern section of the province already mentioned. Furthermore, I am not a Canadian peer of Bourbon creation, like the worthy Baron de Longueuil, but instead I am a peer of the Second Empire. One word more, and I shall have completed this somewhat dry, although essential *résumé* of

the position. I was the chosen implement of His Majesty—the implement selected to stir into action the latent patriotism of the French in Canada. My directions were to remind them that they were Frenchmen, not the slaves of Greater Britain. I was to point out to them that His Majesty the Emperor did not forget that he himself was a shoot of New France grafted into the Imperial tree of old. . . . To accomplish this personally I had, of course, to journey out to Canada. But let me here add that I was not the only emissary employed by Napoleon III.; there were many; I was the chief. . . . Of the episodes I experienced in the venture I shall now trust my pen to chronicle, in a manner, I trust, commensurate with truth and a clear head.

II.

A WEEK had passed since my momentous interview with my Imperial master. Meanwhile I had not been idle in making preparations for my journey to Canada; all the same, according to the strict letter of my instructions, I should have left Paris full forty-eight hours before. I need not set forth in detail all the reasons for this somewhat dilatory behaviour on my part; but I had many things to purchase before setting out on such a long and perilous enterprise, many political agents to interview, and, moreover (though this comes under a different category), I had many *adieux* to whisper in the ears of more than one sorrowing maiden before even my Emperor's affairs could move me from my favourite haunts. The last few days had been exceedingly dark and squally, and the promise of weather even more foul and boisterous was in the raw air.

However, on the following morning I had overcome the ineradicable Parisian reluctance to leave his native soil, and I found myself steaming out of the Gare du Nord. On arriving at Boulogne I discovered the sea to be less suggestive of *mal de mer* than I had feared; so, when the vessel had slipped out into the open on an even keel, I stepped on

They were a branch of the French family of that name, who had been, since 1996, Seigneurs of Miramon.

deck and watched the city's outlines growing dim in the haze of distance; but, still clearly from the hills which throw their green arms behind the town, I saw the First Napoleon's mighty column—the Colonne de la Grande Armée—standing out against the evening sky, as a perennial monument of a giant blow once aimed against the power of *perfidie Albion*; and I smiled to myself as it seemed to suggest that the blow had only been delayed, and that I, Louis Philibert de Bonaventure, was the destined instrument of England's downfall.

While in such wise I was from this side to that dividing the swift thought, the good steamer had been as speedily ploughing the waves, and we were already in sight of Albion's chalky cliffs. After a short scramble on the gangway I soon ensconced myself in a railway carriage, which (to give the *sacrés Anglais* their due) was exceedingly comfortable to the person of a wearied *voyageur*. A couple of hours passed in well-merited slumber, ten minutes in a cab, and I was in my

little Soho Hotel, well known to some of my fellow-conspirators, and remarkable for its dingy outlook and its excellent *cuisine*.

I amused myself for a few hours in the morning by strolling with simple and unassuming air through the fashionable quarters of the great metropolis, and by watching the self-satisfied

demeanour of the pedestrians in Pall Mall and Piccadilly; and my bosom swelled with a certain importance as I thought how much less haughty would be their bearing if they only knew the secret of my errand, and the *débâcle* which was thereby hanging over their arrogant country when my mighty mission had been brought



My bosom swelled with a certain importance.

to a successful conclusion.

The afternoon saw me at Euston, whence I soon found myself whirling through scenes of the most picturesque beauty—hedge-enclosed meadows of wondrous green, interlaced at times with threads of silvery streams—anon smooth, undulating downs, then some little hamlet nestling in the shade of immemorial elms. Further on the



Amidst blinding smoke and spouting flame the boats were cut away.

more rugged scene was lit by the glare of mighty furnaces belching forth their sleepless flames, and bearing witness that the hand of industry slumbers not in this island Empire. Swiftly the train sped on, and soon we neared that great city where miles on miles of mast-fringed docks outstretch their indubitable testimony that England is Queen of the Seas.

The next day broke dull and gloomy; in fact, by the time I had embarked on the huge liner which was to convey me and my plans to Quebec the overcast sky and the seething waters had combined in a conspiracy to make matters as unpleasant as possible. Things only became worse as

we left the Mersey and plunged into the black abyss of ocean. At this awe-inspiring moment a sudden terror seized upon my soul, and for the first time I was filled with deep misgivings and forebodings that after all my deep-laid plans might perchance miscarry, and that these thousands of miles of ocean were only hurrying me into the jaws of destruction; and already I felt that I was cut off for ever by this watery waste from France. Meanwhile the frequent lightning made the scene the more weird, as it showed up the ship speeding like something possessed through the mass of angry waters. So depressing were my surroundings that, with somewhat unsteady gait, I sought refuge in my cabin.

III.

THE following day rose in somewhat calmer mood, though the wind still played unpleasant pranks with one's equilibrium.

The sun, too, was struggling to penetrate a bank of slowly-reddening clouds, as I stepped on deck *quanto mutatus ab illo* who so weary and woe-begone had sought refuge below on the preceding night. Solitude soon became irksome, so within a few hours I was improving my somewhat rusty English in a lively conversation with two Americans, whose natural fellow-feeling for France quickly thawed all restraint between us. So attached did they become to me that before very long we were inseparable; moreover, with a most natural and laudable desire to initiate me into the customs of the New World, amongst other things, they introduced me to several American beverages, whose momentary

charm was more than counterbalanced by a matutinal *mal de tête*. These same *bons camarades* were also exceedingly courteous in teaching me a new game of cards, which was so inordinately fascinating that it made a considerable inroad on the very handsome funds placed at my disposal by the Emperor. So the days came and went. . . . Thus we came within thirty hours of Quebec. The moon was shining with full orb down from a sky of sapphire blue and studded with stars; scarcely a breeze tucked the silvery waves, and the latest star-gazers were just reluctantly leaving the alluring moonlight for their cabins, when the midnight calm was broken by a sudden shout of "Fire!" In a moment the deck was alive with trembling women and pale-faced men; amidst blinding smoke and spurting flame the boats were cut away. Three boats were filled with women and a few men apiece, when the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and disappeared with a hiss of bursting boilers and smoking timbers in the depths of the mighty river. In a moment of time only two mastheads appeared on the surface of the stream to show

where the ill-fated vessel had gone to her last haven; not a glimpse of the gallant crew, whose unselfish seamanship had served us in such noble stead. Only five women and three men survived in my boat, and we were floating idly on the pitiless current, whither we knew not.

Soon the red rim of the sun rose above the hazy waterline, and we were able to gaze into one another's faces and to realize the horror of the situation. The *St. Lawrence* was some twenty miles broad at this point, and a strong stream was rapidly carrying us seaward. . . . Next to me in the boat was a girl whose long black hair fell in dishevelled splendour over her thinly and hastily-clad shoulders. Her father, she told me, must have gone down with the unfortunate steamer; and unconsciously in her sorrow she nestled more closely to me for protection and warmth. I took off my coat and laid it over her, and from between her dark lashes her sad eyes smiled me thanks. While our eyes were straining for a succouring sail a sudden sympathy made me take her hands in mine, and



A sudden sympathy made me take her hands in mine.

in this way the situation seemed less hopeless.

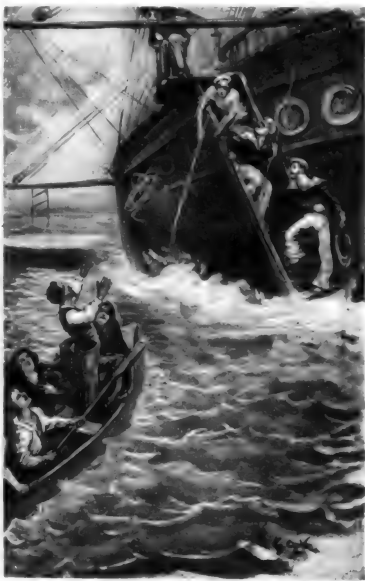
For another hour we drifted; then we sighted a sail some three miles away. The current was luckily carrying us in that direction. Soon we could even distinguish friendly faces on a welcome trading-yawl, hailing from

Rivière de Loup, which was bearing down upon us. . . . In a few minutes we were on board, and had told our story. We found they were bound for Murray Bay, there to ship a cargo of spool-wood, and they agreed to disembark us there, whence we should be able to take the coach straight on to Quebec. We then beat about for four hours, tacking this way and that: gradually, in the distance, rose

the porcupine back of Point à Pic. As we neared the shore the current, which is very strong on this side of the river, began to make itself felt. . . . Nearer and yet nearer we crept, until at last we were within a hundred *mètres* of the beach. The pilot, an Iroquois-French *habitant*, soon evinced signs of appre-

hension. His bronze face took a set expression, while his vigilant eyes peered ahead, guiding the action of his tiller-hand. . . . Swish, round we swept suddenly on a new tack. Now the current was dead against us, beating the sides of our little craft in choppy turmoil. Slowly, very slowly we moved;

so slowly indeed that our headway was barely perceptible. The water became more and more shallow, the sandy bottom appearing but an arms length off. . . . The channel, however, soon replaced the sand-bar, and as the water grew deeper once more, the current slackened. Our pilot looked relieved, and in a moment his voice had burst into a snatch of the familiar local ditty, so well-



In a few minutes we were on board.

beloved of shore-bred natives:

"V'la l'bon vent !
V'la l'joli vent !
V'la l'bon vent !
Ma mie m'appelle !
V'la l'bon vent !
V'la l'joli vent !
V'la l'bon vent !
Ma mie m'attend !"

By the time he and the chorus of boatmen had lapsed into silence we had rounded the point. Happily the tide had not yet turned or else we should have been stranded on the blue clay bottom of Murray Bay. As it was we were running close to the wind, and skirting the while the alternate rocks and sands which separate Point à Pic from Murray Bay—"the far village." . . . Ere long we passed into the lower waters of the Murray River, a small tributary of the St. Lawrence. Then, after a considerable number of half-suppressed oaths on the part of our rescuers, we brought up safely at a little landing-place to the left. . . . We discovered, on disembarking, that the "mail-coach" for Quebec was due to start within an hour—a lucky event, as its journeys were by no means frequent in those days. The time between our arrival and departure was occupied mostly in imbibing white whisky and in consuming *habitant* food. . . . With a concomitant peal of trumpets, or to be strictly accurate, with the blast of a couple of fish-horns, we left Murray Bay. A stampede of wiry thoroughbreds—at eight pounds a piece—and away we went towards the old coach-road to Quebec. . . . No need, I think, to detail the journey, save to relate that my fair companion of the wreck was now my nearest neighbour, and that her liquid voice and interesting conversation lightened the otherwise wearisome ride. I discovered that her name was Hélène de la Bère, and that she was the niece of Sir Anatole Beaujeu, my chief confidant in Quebec. I found, too, more and more, as each moment went by, that she was exercising a nameless fascination over me, and ran nigh to ousting my Emperor's projects from my mind. While occupied in this fashion, and also in sleep, the eighty odd miles of broken stones, fallen birch trees, and clay ruts were traversed almost before I was aware of it; and coming in by the Montmorency road we hailed Quebec.

I then parted from my fellow-travellers, [and with a promise to Hélène that I would call upon her the

next day, I was hurried off in a *calèche* to the Hotel St. Louis. Before dinner even I hired the same Jehu to convey me to the mansion of my friend, Sir Anatole Beaujeu, who had doubtless been expecting me the preceding day, and upon whose guidance and local knowledge I chiefly relied to bring the anti-English conspiracy to a successful issue. His ancestral home was the Seigneurie of Montrachet, situated about seven miles from Quebec. . . . Sir Anatole was a French Imperialist, pure and faithful. He was also a gentleman by birth, and a Napoleonic Chevalier by creation. Through his birth he had obtained a following; through his following he had obtained the Order. In his sphere he had become interesting, then mighty, then dangerous—to the Power in power. They gloated over the fact in Paris, and in London they alarmed themselves. Hence the British Knighthood of St. Michael and St. George—the fee of loyalty. Sir Anatole liked it; he liked his cause better. Then why did he accept the puny knighthood? Simply to show his followers that the British Government deemed him a potent factor—a factor sufficiently potent to arouse something akin to apprehension. Such was the man who greeted me with an old-world courtesy, and bade me welcome to Quebec, and to his Manor-house. During dinner my host was deeply interested in hearing the narration of my experience *en voyage*; nor did he seem less affected, when I told him of the dramatic death of his brother-in-law, and my meeting with his niece, Hélène. After dinner, in the sacred penetralia of his smoking-room, we talked long and late about the conspiracy which was to finally separate Canada from Great Britain. The outcome of our interchange of confidences was, that the next evening, after a short interview with Hélène I departed for Montreal, there to confer with my agents, MM. Colin and Bohier.

I may say at this moment, that there was only one person of whose machinations and surveillance we were in the least afraid. This was M. Le Mar-

chant, who, strangely enough, bore a most striking and remarkable resemblance to me, in face and figure. My wits had, however, devised a scheme to keep this prying individual quiet. For some length of time, it seems, this M. Le Marchant had been much enamoured of Hélène; she had, he it said, invariably repulsed his advances. Nevertheless, I now persuaded her to simulate a certain change of feeling towards him; this, I was quite certain, would be enough to keep the fool amorously engaged, while I was carrying out my plans at Montreal. Thus I left Quebec with a certain confidence, and a considerable elevation of spirits, considering my dangerous undertaking. . . . My Montreal mission occupied me for four days. All the wheels of our conspiracy were running smoothly. The greater part of the Militia had been won over, the majority by appeals to their patriotism, and some few by appeals to their pockets. Thousands of civilians were also secretly arming. Laval University had joined us *en masse*. On the 1st of June, when the Governor-General was to stay in Quebec, the corner of the citadel which was to be the scene of his great reception was to be blown up at 2 a.m., and this was to be the signal of a general rising. Simultaneously marines would be landed from the French men-of-war, which, apparently by accident, were lying close to Point Levis, and off the Isle d'Orléans.

IV.

As the fatal day approached, my nights knew less of sleep. With matters rapidly developing, my time became more and more the property of the Emperor's scheme. . . . The evening before the proposed *coup* my duty it was to pay a last visit of inspection to all the centres of the conspiracy, among others to the secret cave beneath the citadel, to see that one of our most trusted underlings was already at his post, which he was not to leave until the train was laid and lighted on the succeeding night. Luckily for my purpose

it was raining hard; so the downpour made it exceedingly unlikely that I should meet any curious loungers on my rounds. The sentries of that night had all been won over to our cause.

The day had died, and it was blowing half a gale as I passed from out the narrow streets and alleys, and gained the broad Terrace. Below on my left ran the noble river; above on my right the great castle looked down from its dominating rock. I stayed my footsteps for a moment by one of the pavilions which dot the promenade at intervals, when a rustle from behind attracted my attention. With a start I saw it was Hélène, who was hurrying towards me. Pale, and for a moment speechless, she laid her hand upon my arm.

"Thank God," she gasped, "I am not too late! Fly! fly! Le Marchant has been murdered before my eyes in mistake for you, as he was on his way to meet me. My brother, too, has betrayed you. Your cause is lost. I cannot tell you all now—all the story of my brother's perfidy, which a happy accident has disclosed to me—but, for Christ's sake, fly!"

For a moment I was too stunned to speak. What with the sudden failure of my plans, and the prospect of leaving Hélène, a frenzied desire for revenge on the traitor seemed to overpower all thought of escape. Like a flash my resolve was taken. The final meeting and supper of the chief conspirators at Sir Anatole's had been fixed for an hour later: Hélène's brother would be there: *coûte que coûte*, I would be there too; at the risk of being caught myself, I would meet the dastard and kill him.

V.

By the time I had been jolted to the Seigneurie in a *calèche*, feelings of disgust and irritability were distinctly paramount. I looked upon the plot as an absurdity, but I also saw in my mind's eye the stormy audience I might expect when again I met the Emperor. The tempestuous side of his character

was not unknown to me, and I did not like it. I am strong myself—I say it without egotism—and I do not admire weakness. I despise it, indeed, although I confess my own passion is great—within. Without, it is but the tremor of a facial muscle—never more. Through my absolute curb, I am invulnerable, as many a fool has found to his cost; wise men, too, have learned it, in other ways than one.

Triumph usually follows me—with a little courting. To rise triumphant over De la Bère was the cardinal point at present. His own sister had described him as the betrayer—and such he surely must be. At all events, we should see! . . . So my first act, on arriving at Montrachet, was to procure some lining, which I freely applied to my foil-arm. This accomplished, I summoned my man-servant, directing him to proceed, at once, with my luggage, to Quebec. There he would find a gig waiting to conduct him out to the French cruiser *Touaine*. I should, I added, join him in the interval before dawn. . . .

He bowed and withdrew. . . . Half an hour later I found myself adjourning to the oak-panelled dining-hall, there to join the Seigneur, three honest men, and De la Bère. . . . The supper, notwithstanding the late hour, was suggestive of true manorial hospitality, and the guests were gay enough, with the

exception of the traitor. He was as white as his uncle's linen. This I could see by the light from two silver candelabra of the Grand Monarque period which quietly reposed in the centre of the table.

When grace had been pronounced, the Seigneur moved to a huge carved chair immediately opposite his own. For perhaps a minute he stood behind it with bowed head, then

he resumed his place. This little ceremony had been of daily occurrence for many years—since the woman he loved had died. She had once occupied the chair; it was now sacred to her memory—for Sir Anatole was a true man and he had loved a true woman.



With a start I saw it was Melane.



Swish! The contents of my glass went over him.

VI.

"SEIGNEUR," I said, towards the end of the supper, "may I make a request?"

"A thousand, your Excellency."

"Then, Sir, be good enough to have a selection of blades—Imperial regulation duelling rapiers—brought to me at your earliest convenience."

The guests glanced in my direction with well-bred amazement, but the Seigneur only turned to the footman with, "A dozen rapiers from the armoury, Armand."

The man obeyed.

"Chevalier Beaujeu, Seigneur de Montrachet, and you, Messieurs," I continued when we were again alone, "I confess that two powerful motives have prompted me in coming here to-night. One, the anticipation of honour in meeting you; the other to unmask a traitor."

I looked in each expectant face as I concluded my observations; then I once more went on:—

"Allow me, gentlemen, to present to you M. Dominique de la Bère, political traitor in defiance of me—the first sword of the Second Empire. . . . *La! la!* he is a fool. The arm of the law he has escaped, but the arm of Louis de Bonaventure—the longest reach in Europe—never! No, not by my Patron Saint!" . . . Swish! The contents of my glass went over him.

"Curse you!" he gasped, when words were found. "What do you mean by this?"

"That M. de la Bère will choose his seconds, select his steel, and meet me, *à la mort* within ten minutes," I promptly returned. "The cod-fish, friend, has become a trout." And I smiled, a little grimly, it is true.

I quickly discarded my coat and rolled up my shirt sleeves, then, being prepared for combat, I spoke again.

"As a matter of course, gentlemen," said I, addressing MM. Marchenoir and Gosselin, "I beg that you will act as my seconds."

Before they could reply, De la Bère had picked up a bottle—evidently its

late contents had reached his head—and rushed at me in sheer desperation. His face was white, his moustache drooped, and his eyes flamed—altogether he was unnerved. . . . A sudden quiet: then he, his bottle, and his temper went crashing into the *buffet*, for somehow my arm had intervened.

"'Pon my word, dear friend, you are hasty." And I lit a cigarette, while he re-adjusted his fallen crest.

"May I assist you?" I thoughtfully inquired, as he made for the roll of rapiers: "Toledo, Milan, or Damascus?"

His only answer was a frown. The expression was not pretty; indeed, perhaps, a little menacing, but, *nom de Dieu*, what of that? I was the master.

"Well, well, are you ready? Your seconds, I understand, are the Seigneur, your uncle, and M. de Lotbinière?"

He grunted assent, and I walked over to the steel. I picked up a piece of Milan workmanship, tested its temper, then its point; it was satisfactory.

The table was moved aside, then my second, Marchenoir, with some gusto, stepped into the centre of the room.

"If the Chevalier Beaujeu, and his *confrère*, Monsieur de Lotbinière, do not dissent," said Marchenoir, bowing, "we will at once proceed with the little affair now occupying our attention. . . . As a mere formality we deem it desirable to acquaint our honourable opponents that his Excellency, the Baron de Bonaventure, is recognized as the premier swordsman of France. Our honourable opponents are well aware of the fact, we know, but in our relative official capacities it becomes of paramount importance that we should make the communication—in view of eventualities. As a cardinal favour our principal, his Excellency, has consented to grant a point of promise to Monsieur de la Bère. . . . If his Excellency's blood is drawn—however little—while this candle holds out to burn, we will

be prepared to declare a cessation of hostilities. It is not quite usual for the aggressor's second to dictate terms, but the situation is peculiar. We think M. de la Bère will find his honour appeased, should he be successful in puncturing our noble principal within the time prescribed. Chevalier Beaujeu and Monsieur de Lotbinière, we tender you our most sincere compliments."

As he finished speaking, Marchenoir extinguished one of the candles in the candelabra, took it from its socket, breaking it into several pieces. One of these—the shortest—he placed on a dinner plate. Next he poised himself in such an attitude that the work of igniting the candle would be simultaneous with the opening signal. It came, and the light fluttered into existence.

"Ready, gentlemen, advance!"

I paced forward, saluting my adversary with the customary etiquette; then we crossed. For my part, I only brought my rapier to a defensive angle. On the other hand De la Bère began by bringing his into sharp play. . . . I parried his onslaught with ease, although I must acknowledge he was a good fencer. . . . A quick movement gave me a momentary glimpse of the fatal candle—it spluttered like loose gunpowder just ignited. . . . Clink! clink! swish! clink! swish! Grey Toledo *versus* blue Milan! . . . The candle had ceased spluttering now; it burnt evenly, but its end was near. I could barely restrain a smile, for my man looked worn and haggard from the game. MM. Gosselin and de Lotbinière must also have looked worn, though I could not spare my eyes to see—for throughout they had acted as light bearers—either one dancing attendance with a silver candeltee. As time passed we warmed up; round we hopped, this way and that. . . . Perspiration poured down our faces; our hands themselves were getting slippery. A single cry from a second, now and then, broke through the din of tempered steel. . . . Again I

came within range of the candle, I gave it a swift glance; it was low, very low. It spluttered; the seconds danced about like beings possessed; they were becoming a trifle excited, you see. No wonder!

"*Frappe fort, nom de Dieu,*" cried the rotund Lotbinière. And De la Bère did.

Clink! clink! swish! It drew sparks from my guard, by the gods! But from me it drew not blood.

"Time!"

I looked round. The wick of the candle lay in a rapidly congealing pool of grease; the light had spent itself—the last flicker had come and gone. and "time" had intervened.

"Will my honourable opponent," said De la Bère, saluting, "permit me to refresh myself with one glass of wine?"

"A litre if you like." So saying I strode across to the mirror, intent on discovering how far the encounter had influenced my appearance. My face bore traces of exertion; indeed, it looked like that of the Sphinx after rain. . . . I reduced its moisture, also the moisture of my hand—the weapon-wielder—which I afterwards chalked.

"Lord Bonaventure and Monsieur de la Bère, time has all but expired. Your places, if you please."

Then came "Cross," a moment later.

I ran on a different tack, now. In less nautical parlance, my tactics changed. Oh, yes; they *had* changed. I drove hard, then harder, gradually edging De la Bère into his own corner—the way a ferret does a rabbit. His stand was excellent, preceding, as it did, a bold attempt to break through the hedge. He tried to round up to the table. Impossible, for I was now the aggressor. My triumph over the Prince of Pisa passed through my mind: it incited me! It was high time I hit home! High time, by Saint Bonaventure! . . . My arm commenced working, its rapidity speedily increasing, until, indeed, it whirled like a Dutch windmill under full canvas. It was a strong, savage attack, worthy



Death was instantaneous.

of a lithe and nimble giant—such as God had pleased to make me. . . . The critical moment had nearly arrived, The Seigneurie rang with the clash of steel, and the echo of a cheer came from the seconds on both sides. Admirable fellows; admirable. My swordsmanship improved proportion-

ately, for, *blasé* as I am, I appreciate appreciation. . . . Before my mental vision arose the Salle d'Armes at Tours with Colonel the Count of Beaune (9th Imperial Hussars) lying dead at my feet. The thought spurred me. . . . I worked like a demon; indeed I did! Swift, deft curves were

followed by the masterly twists and twirls of my supple wrist. My satanic ingenuity bewildered De la Bère . . . Sparks flew ; I prepared to inflict the *coup de grâce*. Suddenly, with an adroit feint, I broke his guard, coming in dexterously and with precision, by using the "Bonaventure curl." His wrist became limp ; for the fraction of a second his eyes rolled, then I withdrew my soiled blade from the spongy flesh. A rush of blood followed, covering Sir Anatole, who had been just in time to catch the falling body. Death was instantaneous, and through it another name in its order of precedence, went on my list of honour. Sir Anatole, the gallant old Seigneur, formally conveyed the intelligence to all present. He also warned me personally that time was precious—it was then 2 a.m.—and, in short, that I had better leave at once. One of his most trusty retainers even now waited to conduct me, by water, to the Port.

"Before we part, gentlemen," I remarked, as I hastily swallowed a Cognac, "I wish to thank you for the valuable assistance you have lent me this evening—through it you have been instrumental in ridding the earth of a rogue. This service will not pass unrewarded, for, on behalf of his Majesty the Emperor, I place at your disposal, MM. de Lotbinière, Marchenoir, and Gosselin, three Grand Crosses of the Most Noble Order of the Imperial Throne of France. Messieurs, by deputy, you are henceforth known and recognized as Chevaliers of the aforesaid Most Noble Order. Moreover, the Crosses will be despatched to you the instant I have conferred with my august master, when you will be duly enrolled. With them, I have no doubt, will come an Imperial Patent of Nobility for my highly-esteemed host and *confrère*, the Knight of Montrachet. Again, gentlemen, my most distinguished thanks.

A minute later I was hurrying down to the river-side, where awaited me "Napoleon," the broad-faced little *habitant*, placed at my command. . . . Swish ! One deft stroke of the paddle

carried us out on the face of the mighty St. Lawrence. A second stroke, and our sixteen-foot birch-bark canoe had glided down the river, catching the current, which swiftly swept us towards Quebec, and from the twinkling lights of Montrachet Manor. . . . Ha ! ha ! but the end was not yet, for suddenly through the greasy darkness, ahead, loomed two bright eyes—one red, the other green.

"Canoe, ahoy !" hailed someone.

We were seen ! . . . The red and green lights came on, and presently I could clearly discern the trim outline of a man-of-war's boat.

"Who are you ?" I shouted, as we floated past.

"Steam pinnace No. 2, of Her Majesty's gunboat *Godolphin*," came over the water ; "Lieutenant Windudley in command. Who are you, may I ask ?"

"Baron de Bonaventure," I cried, "political emissary of Napoleon III. You were looking for me, were you not ?"

"I was ; Le Marchant has been identified—hence the search. . . . Back water, Timpkins." And Timpkins backed.

Slowly the craft veered round, her broadside to the current—which completed the operation. By this time we had drifted some little distance apart, although not for long, the pinnace having an engine of power, and an excellent man at the helm. . . . Down she bore in our wake, churning the current the way a mill-wheel does. Nearer she came, and yet nearer, until at last, with a playful snort, she slowed down, running abreast of us.

"Now, what do you propose doing ?" I gently questioned.

"I intend to convey you to the Governor-General.

"Very likely ; easier said than done, my friend !"

And as I spoke I cleared, *façon de parler*, for action. I had with me an instrument—quite small, quite self-contained, and quite deadly. It was the work of an arsenal inspector, and, by the Saints, he swore it to be potent—for its size, indeed, its potency could

not be equalled. The detonator in its nozzle was different from other detonators; the difference being that it sometimes exploded when you wish it to explode. The other kinds do not . . .

A slight concussion would start the fulminate of mercury, which, in turn, would start the dynamite in the shell. "So! so!" thought I, as I drew it from under my waterproof, "I shall be conveyed to the Governor-General!" But aloud I said—

"Lieutenant, your terms; what are they?"

Then, ere an answer came, I whispered a word to "Napoleon." He understood! Like lightning the thing



There came a second's flash, followed by a fearful explosion.

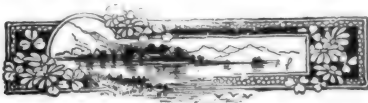
was done; through the space separating us from the pinnacle whirled the bomb. . . .

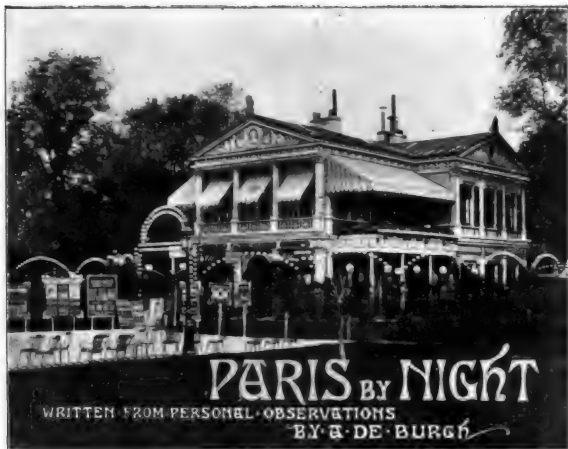
"Quick!" I cried, and a single-bladed paddle cut the current as if by magic. There came a second's flash, followed by a fearful explosion, which sent fragments of *débris* in every direction. That was all! We had escaped!

. . . .

My mission had failed, but not so my vengeance;

for I am a Bonaventure, and my memory, like my reach, is long—very long. I bide my time then—at the eleventh hour if need be—I strike. When the first sword of the Second Empire strikes, it is to kill! Be it ever so!





THE World's Fair in Paris!—Do not fear that I am going to give you a description of the Paris Exhibition. Oh no, I leave this task willingly to the daily and weekly Press,—I only begin my article with the above magic words in order to indicate that my paper has a slight connection with the Fair, a slight connection in so far that it will show you the frivolous side of the French capital and introduce my readers into such circles to enter into which they may not have an opportunity for one reason or another. I do not intend to bring those who will follow me on my night excursions through Paris into the Latin Quarter. This part of the gay city has been made known already sufficiently by the George du Mauriers, Moscheleses, Henry Harlands, W. C. Morrows, and many others, but I intend showing them Paris music-halls, or, as they are called, *cafés chantants* and kindred institutions, and introduce them to the French Lottie Collinses, Marie Lloyds,

Dan Lenos, &c. There is a vast difference between music-halls here and there, and the artistes of these institutions in sober London and gay Paris. Many of us have seen from time to time on our music-hall boards some of the most renowned of the Paris singers and dancers of the category in question; however, it cannot but prove interesting to look a little deeper into their doings at home, and the places of amusement where they display their art (?)

Music-halls in Paris, large and small, are too numerous to enumerate. They are everywhere, in the most fashionable districts and in the lowest quarters; their standard of art is according to the neighbourhood in which they are. We need not say that in the French capital there is no County Council to control or supervise the goings on in places of amusement. The greatest licence and liberty is given. The people who make up the audience in these places insist upon judging for themselves what is

good and what is bad, what is proper, what not.

We reproduce illustrations of some of the principal places of music-hall rank, and some of the cafés, in which, to a certain extent, the doings of the former are continued to the early hours of the morning, and which may be considered more or less as appendices to the halls themselves; as a matter of fact many of the Parisian music-halls are a combination of such and cafés, brasseries, or cabarets. There is no entrance fee, but one must take a drink, for which one is charged double or triple the usual price.

The best known music-hall is the "Folies Bergère." It is open through the winter and summer with only a short interval, and is a place of some pretensions. What is best of artistes is to be seen there, and the place is thoroughly representative of French life. The greater part of the large building is given up to an extensive promenade where may be found various well supplied bars, presided over by damsels in gorgeous evening attire, covered with diamonds and other jewels. The money spent nightly in that palace of pleasure is said to run into fabulous sums. To many the "Folies" is a veritable paradise. Evening dress is little worn, and the female element,

with the exception of the barmaids, appears in walking dress and hat.

Another similar place is the "Casino de Paris." I may say that on the whole a better class of people visit this very lively hall, which is most popular in the winter months. The costumes worn here by the lady visitors are generally very tasteful and up-to-date.

"Olympia" resembles the last-named in every respect, and has also a regular army of habitués, being frequently overcrowded.

These halls of amusement of Paris must not be confounded with the smaller places of another class, namely, the Cabarets of Death, Heaven, Hell, &c., which have been already described in various English prints, and are really only, so to say, side shows.

Most of the performances in the Paris music-halls end between midnight and six o'clock



Mlle. Liane de Pougy.

Photoby Nadarr.

a.m., but this by no means compels the pleasure-seekers to return to their homes at that hour, large processions of people move now to the splendid cafés and taverns, fashionable ones like the Café de la Paix under the Grand Hotel, or Bohemian ones like the Café Procope (renowned by the frequent visits of Voltaire in his day), Café Barrette or la Taverne Pousset, where men and women may still be



Milla Verena.

[Photo by Reutlinger.]

found at the rising of the sun.

The scene we depict in one of our illustrations represents the outside of the Café de la Paix on a summer night, after the theatres and music-halls have been closed.

The stars of the Paris music-halls attain to a celebrity which might be envied by the great prime donne, and their names become known all over the world. Who has not heard of Otéro, Liane de Pougy, Cavalieri, and Guerrero, and if we may class her with these stars, Cassivis, who has also successfully tried the theatrical stage,—who has not heard of Yvette Guilbert, of the Vevénas, or of Lise Fleuron, whose display of diamonds almost surpasses Otéro's. I remember having seen her once when a neighbour in the stalls, a jeweller of the Palais Royal, assured me he would willingly give her half a million francs for the gems she was wearing. Otéro and Guerrero are Spaniards, Cavalieri, with her Madonna-like face, the



Polles-Burgare.

[Photo by E. la Grange.]

seeming incarnation of purity, is, in spite of her Italian name, French.

The Veréna sisters have been especially popular during last winter. They are most exceptional beauties, and took Paris by storm. Their charms are not only of face and figure, they are also extraordinarily clever. They sing and dance to perfection, and one is a sculptress and has exhibited at the Salon, receiving a place of honour: the other is a successful painter of miniatures.

Who the sisters are and where they come from remains a mystery, although all sorts of stories are told about them. They are and have been for some time the idols of the Parisians.

The story is recorded of a combat between Otéro and Liane de Pougy only a short time ago. The scene was the Casino at Monte Carlo.

The two engaged in a jewel competition, each trying to outdo the other, when suddenly Liane appeared at the tables without a single ornament. She had piled up everything, diamonds and precious stones galore, on her maid, who stood behind her. This was too much for the hot-blooded Spaniard, and Otéro, snatching the long pin from her hat, rushed at Liane. She was stopped only just in time from injuring her rival.

The following story gives the explanation of a rumpus in one of France's

great families, which has never found its way into print, and in which one of the Paris music hall stars plays an important part.

It was a beautiful morning early in December, the air crisp, the sunshine clear and quite warm for the season, one of those winter days not rare in France and always welcome, which saw the young Duc de S. walking with his youthful Duchess along the

Rue de la Paix, accompanied by his younger brother the Comte de S.

In passing one of the most renowned jewellers the trio were arrested by the sight of a specially beautiful and uncommon pendant composed of large black pearls and diamonds, which was exposed to view in the window.

The Duchess was enthusiastic over the magnificent work of art, and suggested to her husband that it would make a charming

Christmas present for herself. The three entered the shop and examined the gem more closely, inquired also the price, which was high and went into five figures. "We shall consider the matter," said Mons. le Duc to the deeply bowing proprietor, and they left the place.

"I am willing to give you this pendant as a new token of my undying love, but I would make a proposal to you. You have more jewellery than



Mella Guarrero.

[Photo by Reutlinger.]

you can wear. Now you have spoken to me almost daily about the sufferings of the poor in this great city, you have espoused their cause with so much fervour and zeal, that I had quite decided to send a donation worth our name and position to the Prefect. This shall be a gift from you, if you will content yourself to forego the pleasure of possessing the trinket we have just inspected." Thus spoke the duke.

The feeling of grief and sorrow for the hungry and homeless overcame her love for jewelry, and with a deep sigh she consented.

Arrived at home the Duchess again mentioned the coveted gem she admired so much, and would hardly make up her mind to finally renounce what she so fervently desired.

Mons. le Comte de S., a rich man through his inheritance from the mother's side, who was very fond of his charming and amiable sister-in-law, while walking to his Cercle after dinner, decided upon buying the pendant as a Christmas present to the Duchess from himself. The following afternoon he returned to the jeweller's, but found to his dismay that he had parted with the article that very morning. However, on hearing that his brother was the purchaser, he knew that his sister-in-law would be made

happy by a surprise on Christmas Eve.

During the time between the occurrences just narrated and the fête itself, the Count confided to the Duchess in strictest confidence the secret of the purchase of the gem by his brother, and assured her that she would be in possession of the wonderful pendant ere many days had passed.

Christmas Eve came, and Christmas Day, but no pendant.

The third day after Christmas Day Madame la Duchesse read in the morning paper an account of the appearance of one of the music-hall stars at the Folies Bergère the previous night, and in the description of the magnificent jewellery she was reported to have worn, she recognized the very pendant she had coveted so much. Two such works of art could not exist.

The Duchess left her husband's house that day and has not returned, neither does she intend returning.

The Duke is reported to have called his brother, the Comte de S., an arrant fool.

The salaries the favourite music-hall artistes command in Paris constitute princely incomes, but rarely can one hear of anyone saving even a competency for their old age, and many are



[Photo by Professor Stebbing.
Mlle. Lise Fleuron.



A summer's night at the Café de la Paix.

[Photo by E. la Grange.]

the instances of lonely deaths in direst poverty in a suburban garret of women who once were the rage of the capital, of women who lived in palaces, and whom to meet, princes, even kings, travelled hundreds of miles.

Money comes easily to the singers and dancers, when once they have made their name; but it is also spent with lavish hands, and at race courses, at Monte Carlo, at Ostend, one may observe what tribute these women pay to the fickle goddess of chance.

Mdlle. X. only a few months ago, came to Monte Carlo with 200,000 francs. She lost it all; went to Marseilles to pawn her jewellery, and again lost what she received for it. Fortune favoured her; she met an old Russian admirer who accompanied her to Marseilles, and restored to her her trinkets. He also supplied her with funds that she might follow her passion and try her luck once more. Again she lost. Before she returned to Paris she had again pledged all she had of value, and had finally to borrow the money from the Casino administration in order to be able to return to Paris,

where she appeared on the stage as gay as ever.

At the great races at Longchamp music-hall stars sport equipages so well appointed and well horsed that they are second to none, and their costumes are the talk of the town for days after.

Since the disappearance of the "Jardin Mabille" (of world-wide notoriety) some of the summer music-halls in the Champs Elysées have made great strides in popularity, and it is in no way rare to have thousands turned away at the gates of the "Ambassadeurs" or the "Alcazar d'Eté." These institutions are unique, and cannot be seen in any other country, and during the warm season they are certainly an improvement upon the covered music-halls. They excel in their illuminations, and their annual "revue" is well worth a visit, if for nothing else but its originality. Few entertainments are more popular in Paris. It is as regular between July and September as the summer heat, and draws great crowds to the Champs Elysées. In the covered music-halls it comes on at Christmas just as certain as the pantomimes in

England, and is played before enormous audiences. It has no plot, no rules, it is without apparent construction. It is nonsense *par excellence*. The nearest to it we have seen in London was the "Pot-Pourri," an attempted imitation of the "revue" introduced at some theatres during last year.

There are two personages permanently

such things go for nothing, the more absurd the better; the music is lively, the dialogue witty and amusing, the whole spectacle bright. The idea of the action is to ridicule public characters who have gained renown or have come to the fore, for the time being; from the highest in the State, the Army, or in politics, down to

the street orator, or some famous demi-mondaine, none is spared. We are shown what is happening inside the Elysée or at the house of Zola, Rochefort, or some woman of more beauty than virtue. All topics are treated satirically and funnily.

The writers of these burlesques are sometimes men of letters and celebrity, and a well-known member of one of the great families of the Faubourg St. Germain has made quite a name for himself by inventing and writing "revues."

Only very

lately we read in the Paris papers:—

"The most comprehensive of Paris 'revues,' the most joyous and full of verve, is that which is interpreted by Mlle. Marguerite Deval in the principal rôle, and which is called and built around the adventures of our old friend Candide. The plot, followed at a distance, lends itself wonderfully to this kind of pot-pourri entertainment.



Leaving Olympia.

(Photo by E. la Grange.)

present on the stage during the performance of the "revue," occupying the right and left corners of it, the "compère" and "commère." All the actors and actresses in this speciality are seen in various parts during the evening. The whole thing is incongruous; lightly dressed ladies dance in the Place de la Concorde, a drunken beggar moves in a minister's reception room, but

"Into the mouth of Dr. Pangloss are put the quaintest of modern sayings, and he sings and dances as if he were still as strongly of opinion, as when first created by Voltaire, that this is 'the best of all possible worlds.' The 'revue' has only been played twice.

"The first time was at the Cercle de la Rue Royale and the second at the Charity Fête at the Hotel de Talleyrand and Sagan; the 'revue' is written by the Marquis de Massa, the wittiest of *fin de siècle* Frenchmen."

The greatest of *compères* is Gulbac at the "Ambassadeurs"; he has a very long experience, and has completely mastered his difficult task. He has to usher in the players and send them off. He has to patter, criticizing the Government, attacking the laws of the land, and even makes fun of the head of the state and his ministers. He has to sing and to dance. His *commère* must first of all be good-looking and covered with jewellery. She carries a wand ornamented with flowers. She may dispense with any knowledge of singing or dancing; it is sufficient that she is a well-known character, a woman with a past and a present. Fougère frequently the part of *commère*, un-

fortunately she is unreliable and capricious, and generally ends her engagement abruptly in the midst of her success, putting her manager to no small inconvenience.

I remember one occasion when Fougère disappeared without giving the slightest warning, and returned suddenly after a week. Of course her contract was cancelled by her behaviour, and she was told that she would not be

allowed on the stage. She explored the regions below, where the prompter had his place, and where he watches the performance through an opening on to the stage. During his momentary absence Fougère took her opportunity to slip through the opening (just wide enough to allow a body to pass through), and she suddenly appeared behind the footlights. She shook hands with the *compère* and the new *commère*,



Mlle. Cavalletti.

(Photo by Reullinger.)

bowed and disappeared, to the great delight of the audience.

The Alcazar d'Eté is, at least during the summer months, the principal home of Otéro and Polin, the most popular comedians in Paris. These two generally open the season, and frequently also take part in the "revue." A peculiarity of this open-air music-hall is, that the players sit in the stalls in large cloaks, and suddenly pass

through the audience on their way to the stage. This year quite a dozen ladies made their entrance by passing up the aisles of the hall in the shortest skirts and the longest hats—on donkeys. The commère herself, Mdlle. Lise Fleuron, sings her first song mounted on a gaily-harnessed white donkey.

The Jubilee of the "revue" is celebrated in a very drastic fashion. Everyone exchanges rôles, the supers play the principal parts; the principals make up the "crowd." Of course, nobody knows his part, but no one cares. If there happens to be an English troupe engaged that night, the members make efforts to talk French while the commère and comère applaud vigorously and sing "Oh yes," "All right," "Very well," "Good night," and similar short phrases in English which they have picked up.

The performance is followed by a supper, to which the critics and reporters are invited. The chief stars sing and dance, and there are many other amusements provided for the guests. A similar fête takes place after the last performance of the season. The annual clear profit to the proprietor of the two principal music-halls in the Champs Elysées amounts to close on £10,000.

It is a gay life, life by night in Paris.

When we in London, the largest city in the world, retire to our chambers, grumbling that we have yielded to temptation and have stayed up later than midnight, life in Paris only just begins in its reality. During the summer months, when the theatres and music-halls pour out their crowds, the cafés and taverns fill, and the larger part of the side walk on the Boulevards and streets are given up to chairs and

tables for the guests. Of course, the dancing establishments in Montmartre and the Quartier Latin keep open frequently till the sun has risen high up on his daily course.

I have often heard of the gaieties of the Paris Carnival, at last I actually spent one in that gay city, but I could see only very little difference between that period especially devoted to frivolity and an ordinary night. There are perhaps

some more large balls, and some street pageants and processions, but the liveliness and love of pleasure is just the same, be it Carnival, be it Lent. Nothing is allowed to deprive Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of their night amusements, and even a national crisis makes no appreciable difference in the gaieties after dark. I have it on the best authority that during the siege of Paris music-halls drew large crowds.



La Belle Otero.

[Photo by Rentlinga.]

Amusements and pleasure are as necessary to the French as their meals. Their music-hall stars are as much to them as their greatest statesmen or generals, their poets or scientists; they are the pets of the people. However popular a Sarah Bernhardt may be, her popularity wanes before that of an Otéro, a Cavalieri, or a de Pougy. Sarah Bernhardts cater for the classes, the Otéros for all people.

But, in spite of all we see by night, we must not come to the conclusion that the French taste is low or depraved; it is by no means so; Paris is the home

of the very highest in art in every department—the cult for the beautiful and the noblest is universal. What draws the crowds, high and low, to the lower class of amusements is simply the love of excitement and the pleasure of being free and entirely at ease.

It is French character to be able to get rid for a time of all that is serious, and to drown oneself in a stream of frivolity and thoughtlessness, and to honour those who help to bring about such a state.

How well it were if we could follow our neighbours in that respect!



La Casino de Paris.

[Photo by E. la Grange.]



BY LOUISE MORRISON.

"I've seen her!—she's *sweet*, she's *charming*," I cried, bursting excitedly into the room in which my Aunt Pen was sitting calmly reading. "And, Aunt, she has such lovely clothes! all soft and flowing, and when she moves you hear, crie—crie, like the waves dragging over the shingle—it's the silk, you know, and—"

"Stop, for goodness sake," interrupted my aunt; "please moderate yourself, Margaret, and explain who 'she' is."

"Why of course Mrs. Bryden! you know—the new resident at Primrose Cottage."

"Oh, indeed," said Aunt Pen, with a sniff, "I have heard rather strange reports of that mysterious person who has dropped amongst us from goodness only knows where. Do you mean to say she walks about the country in silk dresses? Because all that I can say is that evidently she can't be quite all that she ought to—"

"Oh, Aunt," I protested, "it is not wicked to wear silk. Besides her *dress* was stuff, it's the *under-skirts* that are silk."

"Silk under-skirts! What effrontery in a place like this! Why *I* only wear silk *outside* for the very best, and all the ladies here do the same."

"But, Aunt, Mrs. Bryden is not a Dingleyite! She looks, oh, so different from the Dingley ladies, and oh, Aunt Pen, her hair was so prettily done, all

wavy and drawn up high, with just a tortoiseshell dagger stuck through in a sort of 'would-not-condescend-to-hair-pins' sort of way, and the colour is lovely, like dark gold."

"Pray stop. I quite understand the type of woman—pink cheeks, scarlet lips, blackened eyes; yes," said Aunt Pen, folding her hands primly against her waist, "I came across that sort of person when I lived in London."

My foolish tongue ceased wagging, for had I not often heard of that six months' residence in London? (I believe it was Clapham.) It had happened many years ago, but ever since then she had considered herself an unquestionable authority on ways and manners, dress, &c.

"Well," continued my aunt, "I shall certainly not call on this person until I know more about her. I shall make full inquiries among my friends and find out all I can, and ascertain also if she has brought any letters of introduction; one cannot be too careful."

I sighed at this decision: my little adventure that afternoon had been quite exciting, and Dingley is not lively; indeed *I* think it is a deadly dull place. Aunt Pen says it is because I am always hankering after the flesh pots of Egypt, but I think it must be because I am eighteen, and full of life, and she is, well, let us say fifty, and full of, well, all sort of disagreeables.

Yes, my little adventure was funny. I was returning from the Circulating Library with my arms full of books, and was walking slowly along devouring a novel which I wanted to finish before reaching home, as I knew my aunt would not let me read it if she saw it first, when all at once I walked into something which seemed to envelop me in a delightful scent of violets. Starting back, I found I had run into our new resident, Mrs. Bryden, about whom I had heard a lot but never seen. I must have looked rather stupid, whilst I stammered out a "Beg your pardon," for she, Mrs. Bryden, laughed softly and said, "Please don't apologize, for I think I was as great a culprit as yourself," and she held out an open book which she, too, had evidently been reading as she sauntered along. I felt ever so much more comfortable then, and was able to smile back at her and to notice all the prettiness of her face and figure, dress, and all the rest, and, indeed, she was quite a revelation to me, accustomed

as I was to the extraordinary "toilettes" of our best ladies at Dingley.

And then she continued speaking in such a sweet voice, full of soft tones and delicate sort of shadings, asking me about Dingley, its walks, wild flowers, &c., that I was quite fasci-

nated, and when at last she said "good-bye" with a little nod and smile, I went home full of her charms, and would have talked of them by the hour if I had had a more sympathetic audience than Aunt Pen.

The next day was wet and my aunt could not go out, but the following one she came down in the afternoon arrayed in all her best finery, card-case in hand, equipped at all points for making a round of calls, but, thank goodness, I was not told to accompany her; it proved to me that she was going to gather information which she did not consider suitable for my young and innocent ears, and which I at once put down to be about Mrs. Bryden.

When she returned some two hours later, I knew I had guessed right, for her face wore an expression of satisfaction, her lips were pinched even more tightly than usual, and, seating herself on the hardest of our not very easy chairs, she slowly and importantly took off her gloves, folded them carefully, and cleared her throat.

I knew she was going to say something nasty—she did.

"Well, I *must* say," she began, "that my knowledge of the world prepared me to hear something *most* peculiar about that Mrs. Bryden, but I certainly did *not* expect such an out and out (my



She was going to gather information which she did not consider suitable for my young and innocent ears.



He had his arm round her waist.

aunt was warning to her work) account of improper conduct."

"Oh, Aunt," I murmured.

"Yes, I *must* call it so, and, though I am the *last* person to talk about such things to young people, I think it my duty to warn you. (She was *dying* to let out the delicious tit-bits to a new listener.) Well, I called on Mrs. Starkie, Miss Meen, and Miss Smythe. We happened to talk of Mrs. Bryden (*happened*, the humbugs!) and they each had something to tell (of course, the snakes!) Well, it appears that Mrs. Bryden is living alone at present (*at present*, mind you), but we *hear* that a *gentleman* is coming next week to stay with her. She is always writing to a Lieutenant Dormer, so of *course* it is he who is coming; and, would you *believe* it, both Mrs. Starkie and Miss Meen

called on Mrs. Bryden last week and were told she was not at home, though they both feel certain she *was*; and then a few days after, if you please, she *sent* her cards by a maid-servant—did not even trouble to call herself. Is that the act of a lady, I ask you? No, indeed. I hear also that she wears tea-gowns in the evening smothered with lace; and, worse still, she has lovely flowers sent her, and once a week a hamper full of hot-house fruit, vegetables, &c. Now, what do you think of your fine lady?"

I did not answer; I knew it was of no use, the old cats had settled it all; it would be useless *my* standing up in Mrs. Bryden's defence.

For a whole week nothing fresh happened. Nor did I meet Mrs. Bryden. I was glad of that, for I should have had no peace with my aunt if she heard of it, and of course she *would* have heard, for is not everything seen and talked about in Dingley?

Then came a disturbance perfectly volcanic in its effects, the cause of the eruption being Miss Smythe. I only learnt the story bit by bit, for was I not too young and innocent to be told such things?—but such was the force of the eruption that the news flowed about like lava, and spluttered forth broadcast in showers of sparks.

It appears that Miss Smythe was walking home one evening in the twilight through the lane in which Primrose Cottage stands; she was accompanied by a maid, for she thinks it highly improper for a young lady to walk about alone (she is fifty-five and as ugly as — well, *really* ugly), when, on passing the Cottage, she heard the sound of voices, one being that of a man. She had to stop a moment to fasten her shoe which had become untied (so she says), when she heard Mrs. Bryden say, "Well, Jack, I don't know what to do, I don't think I shall be able to stay here much longer, it is terribly dull when you are away; could I not come somewhere near you, darling? You really cannot imagine what the natives of this place are like—they are simply impossible."

Miss Smythe said, of course she was horrified, but felt it her duty to look through the hedge and see who was with Mrs. Bryden—it was the man who was staying at the Cottage! Such a good-looking young fellow, too! He had his arm round her waist, and she was leaning her head on his shoulder!

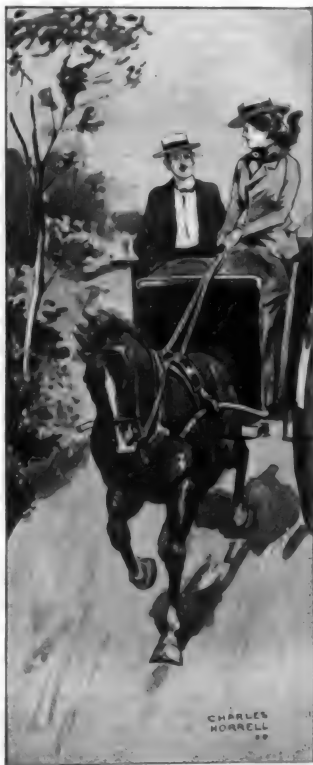
Miss Smythe said she felt so shocked she could no longer stay in such a polluted atmosphere, but the maid says that Mrs. Bryden and the gentleman were walking towards the gate, and that Miss Smythe and she would have been discovered if they had stayed any longer, so they had to creep away with bent backs to avoid being seen above the hedge.

Well, that was the bulk of the story which I heard from all sorts of people and in all sorts of places, for Dingley was simply teeming with it for days and days. As to Aunt Pen, when she heard the scandal, she seemed to absorb

it at every pore, and those sea-anemones which fold themselves round their food and digest it in that way; I can't help saying that she was delighted with the whole business. She and her bosom friends met repeatedly and unrestrainedly to decide what ought to be done, but they had unwillingly to come to the conclusion that, as they could not turn Mrs. Bryden out of Dingley, they must wait the return of their well beloved and much respected Rector, who was away on a long holiday.

When I say "well - beloved and much respected Rector," I ought to have said their doated-on and toadied-up - to-the-skies Rector; for was he not (besides being an exceedingly nice and truly good man), was he not a Lord, the Reverend Lord Sudleigh? Is it to be won-

dered at that all the Dingley ladies' looked upon him as something beyond and above everybody and everything



They had been seen driving about together.

else—a perfect and infallible guide and leader? It is not surprising therefore that Aunt Pen and Company deeply regretted his absence at this momentous period of their existence.

Pending his return, the community were kept fully alive by various scandalous episodes occurring at Primrose Cottage; sometimes we would hear that Mrs. Bryden and Lieutenant Dormer had been seen driving about in

a dogcart together, *she* handling the reins, or else that sounds of a banjo were heard issuing from the Cottage, that the piano was always going on Sundays (not hymns), &c., &c. When these iniquities were reported to Aunt Pen, she would close her eyes and shudder; on these occasions I used to have an almost irresistible impulse to give her a good shaking and make her shudder in real earnest.

I must say I used to feel very sorry for Mrs. Bryden during that time, for she must have noticed how people shunned her, drawing aside their skirts and holding their noses in the air when she passed; sometimes she would look surprised as if she could not understand intentional rudeness, and a little ghost of a smile would flicker round her lips—that smile seemed somehow to aggra-

vate the Dingleyites as much as all the other enormities of her conduct put together.

Well, we did not know of the return of our Rector, until one day a most pleasant flutter was roused in all the visitable breasts of Dingley by the receipt of a card, as follows:—

The Revrd. Lord George Sudleigh,

At Home,

Tuesday, the 20th inst., 4 to 6 o'clock,

The Manor
House,
Dingley.

It was rather a short notice, but as no one even had a previous engagement at Dingley, we all accepted to a woman, to say nothing of men, of whom indeed we had but a very limited number.

The afternoon was delightfully fine and the grounds of the Manor House looked simply lovely in the quaintest of styles, for the garden was a sweet, old-fashioned



Can you tell me who that woman is?

one, with tall hollyhocks and slender lilies standing about in groups like Lords and Ladies, and a double flight of mossy stone steps lead up to the terrace on which the house stood. I always loved to be in that garden, but on that afternoon I wished I could get away from Aunt Pen, for where she was, there also were gathered the "cat company" as I called them,

and on this occasion they all sat together in a row, first Miss Smythe, then Miss Meen, then Mrs. Starkie, then Aunt Pen, and then poor me, standing up at the end waiting for someone to come and take pity on my forlorn condition.

I was not attending to their conversation, as I always found it to be of a very nippy character, but all at once I was aroused by Miss Smythe exclaiming to Aunt Penn, "Miss Mitford! dear Miss Mitford! do look over there—there is actually *that* woman and *that* man. How in the name of goodness did they get in here?—the brazen minx! What a dreadful predicament for our dear Rector! What will he do, I wonder?"

The eyes of our party were by this time glued on to Mrs. Bryden, who was sauntering towards us looking most charming in a soft, white, clinging dress, which rippled over the grass as she walked. She was laughing and talking to the man at her side, who was none other than Mr. Dormer.

As she came nearer she seemed to recognize me, for she gave me a little bow and a smile. This evidently was too much for my aunt, for she glared at Mrs. Bryden and then turned to me, and was beginning to vent her wrath when she caught sight of our Rector, who was walking hastily by. Standing up and brandishing her open sunshade, while every flower in her bonnet trembled with excitement, she cried out, "Lord Sudleigh! dear Lord Sudleigh!—one moment, please," and, pointing her sunshade at Mrs. Bryden's retiring figure, she said, "Will you, *can* you, tell me who that woman is and who that man is?"

"Yes," chimed in Miss Smythe, echoed by the other cattles, "yes, *who are they*, dear Lord Sudleigh?"

Our Rector stared at them, one after the other, with a look of blankest astonishment, and then, bursting into a loud laugh, said, "That woman? Why, that is my sister, Lady Alice Bryden; and that man?—well, he is her son, her only and well-beloved son, Lieutenant the Honourable John Dormer—fine fellow, isn't he, for only nineteen?—and, indeed, they are often taken for brother and sister. "But I can quite understand your perplexity," he added. "The fact is, my sister came here for a thorough rest and quiet to recoup herself after a good deal of worry; her husband, Lord Bryden, has gone to Ceylon to look after some estates which a fraudulent manager nearly succeeded in ruining, and as my sister did not wish her many friends to disturb her quiet here, she adopted the "incognita" of "Mrs." Bryden. However, that small fiction must be given up now that I am back, for she will be a good deal here, as she is my favourite sister."

It was really too funny to see the abject dismay and foolishness expressed on those listening faces, and as our Rector raised his hat and walked away each pair of eyes turned slowly round and gazed at the other, but not one word was spoken.

Aunt Pen left immediately—she was so cross all the remainder of the day; but I must say that since that memorable afternoon she has not been nearly so bitter in her judgment of the ways and doings of her weak and erring fellow-creatures.



GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THE STORY OF OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

By A. WALLIS MYERS.

THE simple, yet dignified, hymn which constitutes the National Anthem of Great Britain has never been rendered more lustily, more feelingly, or more often than during the past year. Nor has its repeated performance merely testified loyalty and devotion to the sovereign proclaimed in song by each subject who lifts this noble prayer to Heaven; in times of national crisis, when war and death dominate our colonies and our soldiers are in danger, the sentiment and solicitation engendered in "God Save the Queen," have a wider sphere; and we pray, not only for our Queen, but for our people and our land.

Is there not food for reflection in the "universality" of this beautiful anthem? Not in these islands alone is our national hymn the recognized *finale* at every concert, entertainment, public dinner, meeting, and even drawing-room assembly, but in the far West, in Tasmania and Australia, in India, in Canada, and in South Africa—the same words, the same tune, the same dominant sympathy prevail. No other country in the world can even approach such a record—indeed, other countries have had to fall back on *our* "God Save the Queen," and with slight modifications and variations the anthem has been adopted in Hanover, Brunswick, Prussia, Saxony, Sweden, and Russia.

"God Save the King," as it then was, was translated into German as far back as 1790, and was sung to the original air at a birthday celebration in honour of the king of Denmark; it was then a song in eight stanzas. An adaption

from those words, made three years later by Dr. B. G. Schunacher, and beginning "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz*" has ever since been used as the Prussian National Anthem. It called forth the spontaneous approval and admiration of Beethoven and Haydn, and moved the latter to compose the Austrian National Hymn, *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, which was first sung on the Emperor Franz's birthday in 1797, the words being composed by Baron Zedlitz. And in Switzerland it is the air of the Federal Cantons' "*Rupt du mien Vaterland*," and may often be heard as a voluntary in their churches. All these adaptations go to show that admiration for the simple-worded hymn is not confined to England.

Considering its world-wide popularity the facts seem almost incredible that the origin of the British National Anthem should be obscure, and that the authorship, both of the words and the music, should be in doubt. Yet such is the case.

Before we look at some of the many theories as to the "true" history of the Anthem which have from time to time been brought forward, it is interesting to note, on the authority of Chappell, that the cry of "God save the King" may be traced back many centuries in the history of the world. The exclamations of "God save the King!" and "Long Live the Queen!" are discovered in the translations of the Old Testament, and frequently in the history of our own country. There were, for instance, verses invoking

the safety of Henry VIII. and his Queen Elizabeth of York, the first lines of which ran :

God save King Henrie, wheresoever he be,
And for Queen Elizabeth now pray we,
And all her noble progeny.

In State Papers issued under the authority of "Her Majesty's Commission" on the 10th August, 1545, there is the following entry: "No. II. The watchwourde in the night shall be thus, God Save King Henrye," the other shall answer, 'And long to reign over us' — words which are strikingly identical with those prevailing at the present day. There was a 'God save the King' for Edward VI., commencing :

King Edward,
King Edward,
God Save King
Edward,
King Edward
VI.

For James I. we have a "Song of Praise of Thanks giving to the God for the King's Majesty's Happy Reigne": reproduced in "Notes and Queries" with the burthen :—

God Save King James, and still pull downe
All those that would annoy his crowne.

Besides these examples, Chappell reminds us that there was a "Song or Psalm of Thanksgiving in remembrance of our great deliverance from the gun-

powder treason, the Fifth of November, 1605, in which the public prayer was :—

O Lord ! we have continued cause
Thy mercies to remember.

It will thus be seen that the cry of "God save the Queen," as a symbol or expression of loyalty, has been practically contemporaneous with the British Constitution ; and it is very probable indeed

indeed that a good many tunes, other than that prevailing at the present day, attached themselves promiscuously and unofficially to these words.

In fact, when Queen Elizabeth visited Bristol, in 1613, we are told that the "bells most joyously did ring with musick's symphony. And still these words 'God Save our Queen' re-echoed in the skie." Also when James was banqueted at both Uni-

versities, in 1614-5, a couplet was composed incident of the event, which ran :

Oxford cried "God save the King," and "Bless him," too, cried some,
But Cambridge men, more learnedly, "Behold the King doth come."

Charles was similarly honoured by



The watchwourde in the night shall be thus: "God save King Henrye," the other shall answer, "And long to reign over us."

popular verse set to music as, for instance, in 1641:

Have you not seen men holloo forth this straine:

"God save our King and the Lord Chamberlayne?"

and also:

Let Charles' glorie through England ring,
Let subjects say "God save the King."

When Charles II. was crowned, the choir rendered the anthem "Sadoc the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon the King, and all the people rejoiced and said 'God Save the King.'" And Chappell tells that the favourite national songs for all the Stuarts from Charles I. downwards were "The King shall enjoy his own again" and "*Vive le Roy*." Moreover, "God save the King" was sung to the tune of "*Vive le Roy*" on the restoration of Charles II., the chorus going:

Come, let us sing,
boys, "God save the King," boys,
Drink a good health and sing
Vive le Roy.

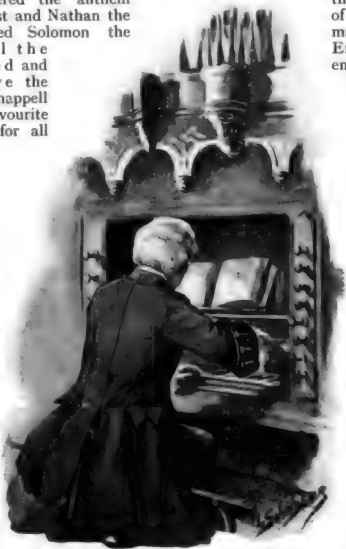
Some of the theories advanced for the origin and authorship of "God Save the Queen" make very interesting reading, but space will not permit of any lengthy survey of these highly ingenious and unaccountably diverse surmises. The Rev. John Julian, the editor of the "Dictionary of Hymnology," asserts that it seems more probable that the hymn was really produced

in 1688; that the composer may have been acquainted with Dr. John Bull's "ayre"—which was supposed to be the original of "God Save the Queen," and to have been performed by him on the organ at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, July 16th, 1607—and founded his melody upon it; that some copies of the anthem were current among the

Jacobites, and that one imitation of it, at least, was made by them in English before the end of the seventeenth century; that the anthem then became known to Dr. Carey (the other most prominent claimant for authorship) about 1740, when he translated it, (making some use, however, of the old adaptation), and that he sang it in public, but never claimed it as an original composition. Copies then fell into other hands, and almost immediately afterwards, through its performance at the theatres, "God Save

the Queen" attained the popularity which it has maintained to the present day. That is what Mr. Julian believes.

There can be no doubt, it seems, that an air very much like that of "God save the King" appeared in a manuscript of Dr. Bull's composition, dated 1619, but there is absolutely no evidence



Dr. John Bull playing "God save the King," in 1607.



Henry Carey sings "God Save the King" at the Cornhill Tavern.

to connect the words with that period. Several authorities agree, however, that the anthem was first printed in the *Harmonica Anglicana* of 1742, without name of author or composer, and differing very slightly from the present version.

Dr. John Bull, it may be mentioned, was music master to Elizabeth, Abbess of Hervaden. He was born in 1563, and after being at Hereford Cathedral became, in 1586, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, of which he was afterwards organist. He instructed Prince Henry in music; but, quitting England in 1613 without leave from his employer, he became organist at Notre Dame Cathedral, Antwerp, and was also in the service of the Archduke of Austria. Bull was a voluminous composer, and he attained extraordinary celebrity. According to Busby, "In his composition he surmounted old and invented new difficulties, and disdaining to be embarrassed, aimed, in the province of polyphonic fabrication, at a species of omnipotence."

The other principal claimant to the authorship, Henry Carey, was likewise a prolific song-writer, while he was also a leading burlesque and dramatic author. He was believed to have been the illegitimate son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, but the date of his birth is obscure, though his first volume of poems was published in 1713, when he was very young. His best-known poem is, perhaps, "Sally in our Alley."

From a story which is narrated by one historian, there would evidently appear to be some ground for Carey's claim. About the year 1795, when a pension of £200 a year had been granted to Charles Dibdin on account of the good influence his naval songs was reported to have had over British seamen, George Savile Carey, the song-writer's son, went down to Windsor Castle, obviously hoping, in the strength of his father's fame, for similar reward. Carey *filis* relates how that he was advised on this occasion to beg the assistance of a gentleman residing in the

purlieus of Windsor Castle, whom he asked to explain the matter to the Sovereign, "thinking that some little compliment might be bestowed on the offspring of one who had done the State some service."

But he was met with the answer: "Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of 'God Save the King' that the king is under any obligation to his son." It is noteworthy that G. S. Carey could not bring forward from his own personal knowledge any support to his father's claim for authorship.

There is yet one other incident connected with Carey and "God Save the King;" and it is asserted, fairly authentically that on the occasion therein mentioned the former sung the hymn for the first time. That was in 1740.

Carey was dining at a tavern in Cornhill at a meeting convened to celebrate Admiral Vernon's capture of Portobello; and Townsend states emphatically that Carey got up and sang a new song, "God Save the King."

Scotsmen are wont to claim the proprietorship of a good many national institutions, and perhaps it is not very surprising that they should claim the origin of the British National Anthem, though their method of argument is scarcely conclusive. It appears that an old Christmas carol, entitled "Remember, O thou man," which was the last of the "County Pastimes" in

"Melisation: Musical Phantasies fitting the Court, Citie, and Country Humours," bears in several of its phases a similarity to "God Save the King." Curious is the opening of the carol:—

"Remember
Man, re-
member
Man,
That I thy
soull from
Sathan
wan
And have
done for
thee what
I can
Thou art full
deir to
me."



Outside Buckingham Palace.

It was taught in a music school at Aberdeen and copied into 'Fortes' *Cantus*, which was sold many years ago for about £10 at a public auction, evidently this price being paid because of its reputation for containing the original of "God Save the King." So much for the Scotch contention.

As to the resemblance of the present hymn to other classical verses, it may

he further added that a likeness has been noticed to one of Purcells' sonatas; Handel's name has also been mentioned; while others have ascribed its origin to an anthem or hymn sung in the private chapel of James II. on the occasion of the apprehended invasion of England by the Prince of Orange.

It seems pretty evident that the hymn was not sung on a public occasion before 1740. It appeared in print for the first time in the *Harmonica Anglicana*, published about 1742. The air differs very slightly from the modern version. The two stanzas ran—

God save our Lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
O save us All.

These, then, were the words which first came into popular vogue, and they very soon became a recognized feature at some of the principal theatres. In the year 1745, and during the rebellion, "God save the King" was sung repeatedly at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, Dr. Hone harmonizing it for the former, and his pupil, Burney, for the latter. The audience at the Theatre Royal were agreeably surprised, it is recorded, by the gentlemen belonging to the house performing the anthem of "God save our noble King," and, apparently, were much gratified, for the hymn was loudly encored. The words then used were, however, a little different, and began—

God bless our noble King,
God save great George our King,
God save the King.

Since then the anthem leapt spontaneously into popularity. The setting of the present-day hymn is so familiar it needs no introduction, or even reproduction. Suffice it to say that it is ineffaceable as our National Hymn.



Chosen Veterans salute with "God Save the Queen," when good news arrives from the front.



"WELL, Tringanham, you've certainly done it this time," I remarked, bitterly, "and, by your delightful carelessness, have certainly made me appear the most foolish and heartless of men."

"Awfully sorry, Trevor, my fault entirely, I admit," answered Tringanham, good humouredly, "I ——"

"Your fault! Good Lord, I should think it was," I retorted, angrily. "You couldn't have succeeded better if you had schemed for months."

"Fire away. Pile it on, my boy," said Tringanham, good humouredly, pulling hard at his pipe. "When you've cooled down a bit, then we can talk things over sensibly."

Having thus apostrophized his friend, Tringanham buried himself in "Pickwick Papers," and from the loud bursts of laughter in which he frequently indulged, evidently found them intensely amusing. To say that his complete indifference to my grievance jarred on me would be putting it mildly. I positively hated him for the time. I was the most miserable of men. Sweet Molly Bransome, my affianced wife, had allowed that little demon, pride, to usurp love, and had written me to say

that our engagement must cease. It was all owing to the carelessness of Tringanham. Here are the facts of the case:—

Tringanham and I were renting a small cottage at Cromer, and were putting in a few weeks' idleness after hard work in town. I had been engaged to Molly three months. She and her mother had run down to Cromer for a fortnight, so that we might be together. I had arranged to take Molly a drive on a certain afternoon, telling her I would call for her at the hotel. I left the cottage early in the morning for a long walk, not returning till two o'clock. The servant informed me that in my absence Miss Bransome had sent a note requiring an answer, and not receiving one, had come to the cottage herself, had waited a little for my return, and had then gone away. I hunted high and low for the note, but could not find it. There was a scrawl written on the back of an envelope from Tringanham. It read:

"Gone out with Vi; don't wait dinner. J.T."

I was rather puzzled. On making inquiries at the hotel, I was told that

Miss Bransome was suffering from a bad headache, and could not see me. I don't know how I got through the afternoon. I had a vague idea that something had gone awry, and that complications would inevitably ensue. I prowled about the town, the cliffs, the beach, and just as I was contemplating the easiest method of suicide — I had resolved on one ounce of prussic acid, as it was sure — someone slapped me heartily on the back, and a merry voice exclaimed:

"Hallo, Trevor, you look as though you bore countless sorrows. The lady hasn't deserted you, has she!"

And I turned and faced Tringham.

"Thought you were out with Molly," he rattled on. "You don't look like an engaged man, all smiles and good fellowship, but rather resemble the stage villain who is contemplating murdering all who are in his way," and he imitated Irving in "Richard III."

"For heaven's sake, man, allow me," I began.

"Yes, I will allow you to congratulate me, for I am engaged to Vi, the sweetest girl in the world," he concluded, and held out his hand.

Vi was a distant connection of Molly's.

I grasped his hand warmly, wished him every possible happiness, and hoped he would never feel as I felt then. He

looked puzzled, as well he might. On walking to the Cottage, I told him the whole thing.

On reaching home, the servant handed me a note. The handwriting was Molly's. I tore open the envelope. A glance at the first line made my heart leap into my mouth. The note ran:—



"Fire away! Pile it on, my boy!"

"Dear Mr. Trevor (ye gods! Mr. Trevor!)"

Since you preferred to go out with that LADY ("lady" was underlined some half-dozen times), whom you call Vi, which I presume is short for Violet (*presume!*), instead of keeping your appointment with me, it would be better, perhaps, for you to solely consign yourself to her care. Completely disregarding my mother's invitation to dinner, you calmly write a scrawl to the effect that we were not to wait dinner for

you. Allow me to say that nothing was further from our intention.

I am compelled to tell you that our engagement must cease. (Here there was a watery blot—suspiciously like a tear.) I will return the ring if you like. (If I fiked!!)

From your broken-hearted

MOLLY."

I was so completely bewildered and mentally crushed, that I sat staring straight before me, like a demented pig, as Tring-anham afterwards termed it.

"What on earth's the matter, Trevor?" cried out Tring-anham, suddenly, making me start.

"Oh! nothing at all, nothing," I reassured him.

"If any man's countenance gave utterance to a deliberate lie, yours does, my boy," said Tring-anham, consolingly. "One does not turn as white as my aunt's china tea set, nor does one's heart thump like a sledge hammer, for nothing."

"It's all up, Tring-anham! Rejected!" I answered absently.

"What? Your novel?"

"Novels go to——"

"To publishers," put in Tring-anham quickly, fearing lest I should consign them elsewhere.

There was an awkward pause.

"Come, Trevor, confide," said Tring-anham, kindly.

"You had better read this," I jerked

out desperately, handing him Molly's note.

I watched him intently as he read. His look of bewildered perplexity gradually changed to one of comprehension, and a gleam of dawning intelligence suddenly crossed his face. On reading it through a second time he smiled—yes, he actually smiled!

When he handed the note back to me, he was convulsed with

laughter, and sank into a chair, whence came such strange gurglings and interior rumblings, that I feared an epileptic fit.

"Too funny for — for — a — anything," he gasped at length. "Oh! my eye!"

And he burst into another fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"I fail to see where the humour lies," I broke out, angrily. "If you've any sense of decency left in you, kindly explain the cause of your merriment."

"The note!"

he gasped, but could get no further, again being seized with violent convulsions.

"Yes, the note—what about it?" I cried out in desperation.

"Will explain all," he said, pulling himself together. "When Molly sent the note, I was out," he began. "On my return, I ran to the sitting-room to



A glance at the first line made my heart leap into my mouth.

get my pipe, and to light it, snatched up the first piece of paper that caught my eye, which I suppose was Molly's note. Then I scrawled that message to you on the back of the envelope, and went out to meet Vi. Molly, as the servant told you, called herself, and, seeing nothing of her message, concluded it had been read. On catching site of my note, she immediately thought it was your answer to her invitation, as, unfortunately, our initials are the same, Trevor. She was naturally piqued, and—and went away huffed," concluded Tringanham.

I sat staring blankly at Tringanham, at his frank confession of his unpardonable blunder, and was forced to admit that his argument would have been quite sufficient to account for Molly's chagrin.

"Well, of all the careless idiots," I said at length, "you cap the lot, Tringanham. A nice mess you've got me into. The best thing you can do is to get me out of it as quickly as you got me into it. It won't be easy either. It is the most simple thing to get into a quagmire, but a very different thing to be extracted."

"I am awfully sorry, old man," said Tringanham, with all sincerity, "and I admit it was gross carelessness on my side. I'll square it up with the mother."

"Quite hopeless," I argued, putting my oar in. "Seeing her daughter's pride wounded, she will be proof against all arguments. Besides, they are going away to-morrow," I concluded, in hopeless despair.

"Wheugh! rather a bad job," muttered Tringanham.

"It is, to say the least of it," I reciprocated.

Then I am afraid I lost control over myself, and after letting fly at Tringanham for all I was worth, stalked out of the room, banging the door behind me as a final shot. I went to bed, and did not see Tringanham till next morning, when I found him in an excellent frame of mind—in great contrast to myself. As I said before, bidding me cool down, he buried himself in "Pickwick Papers," and vastly enjoyed the same.

After making a great business of unfolding, folding, reading, and re-reading Molly's letter, and finally enveloping myself in clouds of smoke, I settled down to a stolid silence. At length Tringanham shut up the book, came up to me, and laying his hand on my arm, said kindly:

"Trevor, my boy, I've got a plan."

"So have I—heaps of them," I answered, gloomily.

"I think mine will succeed," he went on. "Have Molly and her mother left?" he inquired.

"Yes—early this morning. I have been to the hotel and inquired."

"Good!" exclaimed Tringanham, delightedly. "Where have they gone?"

"Home."

"Splendid, my boy. Now listen. You know my uncle, Tony MacAlister, in Scotland?"

I nodded.

"Well, he has taken a great fancy to Molly, whom he met in town last season, and he likes you, I know. I am going to write him to give you and Molly invitations to stay at his place; awfully devoted couple, can't bear to be separated, and all that sort of thing, you know."

I began to be interested.

"Molly shall not know you are going, and, as she likes Uncle Tony, too, will doubtless accept. Of course, you are bound to be thrown a good deal together, and you can explain all, make it up, love and kisses, young and foolish, the course of true love, &c., marriage bells, and there you are."

I laughed outright. "Tringanham, my boy, your hand." I cried out. "Splendid plan—bound to succeed."

"Hope so, I am sure, Trevor. Remember, though, that Molly's pride has been wounded, and it will require very careful manoeuvring on your part to bring her round. It will be a case of *Pride v. Cupid*."

"Molly loves you very much, Trevor, I believe," ventured Tringanham, after a pause.

"Well, yes, I think I may say that she loves me very much indeed."

"Then Cupid will win. The little



"Trevor, my boy, I've got a plan."

god usually conquers. Here's luck to the little fellow, anyway," cried Tringanham, filling two glasses.

We toasted him enthusiastically there and then.

It did not take Tringanham long to negotiate an arrangement with his Uncle Tony, who requested that I and Molly should arrive at his house the same day. Molly had graciously accepted, and he took it for granted that I would come, too. I replied in the affirmative. He expressed himself highly pleased at being the means of bringing two young people together,

and mentioned what a delightful surprise it would be for Molly, who had no idea whom she was going to meet. I had some misgivings on the "delightful surprise," and inwardly hoped our dear old host would not find himself in a most embarrassing situation. I hinted as much to Tringanham, who only laughed, and forbade me putting any more obstacles in the way, as there were already quite enough.

A few days later I found myself comfortably installed in a first-class compartment at King's Cross, with Tringanham's hearty good wishes ringing in my ears, but inwardly smiling at his earnest entreaties "not to plunge too desperately at first." The doors were banging, porters were hurrying to and fro, and just as the guard blew his whistle, my carriage door was hastily flung open, and a fat, grinning porter unceremoniously bundled in a small dog and a perfect little creation of Worth's. The train was on the move, and my companion was vainly striving to place a bundle of rugs on the rack. "Allow me," I said, stepping forward. "Oh, thanks, don't trouble," she replied, turning towards me, and then I felt as if I had been shot.

"Molly!" was all I could say.

"How—how dare you call me by that name, Mr. Trevor?" she gasped, defiantly, turning very white.

"But—but Molly," I persisted, "you haven't heard the explanation."

"Pray spare yourself the trouble, Mr. Trevor. I wish for no explanation," and she jerked herself down into her corner seat, devoting herself assiduously to that little beast of a dog.

"So that's how the land lies, is it?" I argued with myself. "Very well, my fine young lady, we shall see, and I buried myself in a newspaper. Any woman prefers being attacked to being ignored. I fully resolved that I would take absolutely no notice of Molly what-

sneeze and cough, and I heard Molly pour into its ears many words of condolence about the nasty smoke. I puffed away harder than ever.

"I have a strong objection to smoking," said Molly, at last. (She seemed to have liked my cigarettes at Cromer.)



Then you shouldn't get into a smoking carriage."

ever. I read steadily for a good hour, and then lit a cigar, and puffed away in silent contentment for some considerable time. Presently Molly opened the window, taking far longer than was necessary, thinking that I would render her assistance. I didn't move. Then that little beast of an animal began to

"Do you know, I am very fond of it," I replied, looking her full in the face and smiling; "besides, this is a particularly good cigar."

"Sir, you are extremely rude," she stammered. "I request that you throw that nasty thing out of the window. It's making me feel quite sick."

"Then you shouldn't get into a smoking carriage," I said, triumphantly.

Poor little Molly! She had not expected that. She was beaten and mortified. I believe she was on the point of crying, but she gulped down the tears and hugged the dog. I knew perfectly well that she liked smoke, or would certainly have ceased. Presently, Molly was seized with a violent fit of coughing—forced, I could tell.

"Unless you put out that cigar," she gasped, "I'll pull the alarm bell, stop the train, and tell the guard you have behaved in a familiar way, and all—all sorts of things," she stammered.

"Now, Miss Bransome," I said, in as firm a tone as I could command, and knowing perfectly well that she had no intention of doing such a thing, "without any witnesses, I have sufficient proof to give a very different version to your tale. You observe that on my cigar is an ash of at least an inch and an half in length."

She smiled contemptuously.

"The slightest movement on my part would be sufficient to knock the ash off. When the guard appeared and saw my cigar in the condition it is now, he would be quite satisfied that I had not moved, and would laugh at your tale. If you brought in the smoking business he would be powerless to act, as this is a smoking carriage. Now, pull the alarm as hard as you can. Never mind if you break the cord. Ring the train down if you like, only you'll have to pay the costs."

This so completely flabbergasted poor little Molly, who took in my almost impregnable position, and was so surprised that I'm sure she never thought of flicking the ash off herself. Poor little girl, she looked so woe-begone and miserable that I was almost tempted to take her in my arms there and then. But no, I determined to let the little comedy run on and completely subdue her.

The train was slowing down, and I saw Molly's face brighten up. I laughed inwardly, for I knew her game. I had yet another card to play, which

would certainly justify me in crying "Trumps."

When we drew up at the station, the carriage door being locked, compelled me to lower the window. No sooner had I done so than Molly cried out "Porter, porter," but those gentlemen, being busy, heard her not. "Guard," she cried, suddenly, seeing that worthy pass. He came quickly enough.

"This gentleman has been annoying me by smoking," she began.

"Very sorry, mum," he replied, "but I can't do nothing; it's a smoking carriage," and he grinned at me.

"Then I shall change carriages," she gasped.

"No time, mum, very sorry," he said, consulting his watch.

And, putting his whistle to his mouth, was about to start the train, when I interposed.

"Hold on, guard," I cried, and, before Molly had realized what had happened, I had seized the dog. "This dog's been a nuisance to me all the journey; look after him in the van," and I handed the fluffy little bundle to the guard.

"Oh! oh!" said Molly, exasperated, "how can you?"

"If he's really been a nuisance, miss, I must take charge of him."

"But he's been so good, and hasn't stirred," beseeched Molly, tearfully.

"I have a strong objection to dogs. Either I leave the carriage or the dog."

"Very sorry, miss, but the dog'll have to come along wi' me."

"Take care of the little brat," I whispered, and slipped half a crown into his hand.

The guard grinned, blew his whistle, and we were off.

Paying no regard whatever to Molly, I again settled down to a good read, but did not smoke. What Molly's feelings must have been as regards myself I must leave to be inferred. She had been both ignored and attacked, and had been utterly vanquished. But I warrant that I was every whit as miserable as she, and as often as I stole a glance at her dear little face, as often did I repent of my somewhat extreme

measures. The rest of the journey seemed like a century of time.

When the train drew up at our station Mr. Mac-Alister was on the platform, and gave us a hearty welcome, expressing his pleasure at our being so fortunate as to travel in the same carriage, and wound up by saying to Molly that he didn't think she had expected to find me his guest also. He hoped our visit would be a most pleasant one, and as long as we cared to make it. The dear old gentleman was so genuinely sincere and hearty that Molly could but echo all his kind wishes.

I found an excuse to leave them together for a few minutes in looking after the dog and the luggage. Molly hailed the arrival of her pet with evident joy, but, as she took it from me, flashed such a look of scorn on me that could not have been lost to our host.

Our drive to the house was singularly unpleasant, as Molly totally ignored my presence as she gaily chatted to our host, who, I am sure, was painfully conscious that there was something atwist. At dinner it was still more embarrassing, for Molly paid no regard whatever to me, treating with complete indifference my attempts at conversation with her. Every time I made a remark to her it was the immediate signal for her to address our host and entirely monopolize him. When we went to the drawing-room our host made an excuse, and left us together. His footsteps had scarcely died away when Molly rose and made as if she were going.

I went to the door, locked it, put the key in my pocket, and turning round, said, "Molly, before this nonsense goes



I went to the door and locked it.

any further, I must demand that you give me a hearing."

"Your conduct in the train would alone justify my pursuing the course I have already taken, Mr. Trevor. I consider your behaviour quite unpardonable. Now open the door, please."

"Not before you hear me," I said, firmly.

She was standing by a small table on which a handsome lamp stood. She looked very sweet in her dainty evening frock, trimmed with some pretty flimsy stuff, and her eyes were very bright as she turned towards me and said, very quietly :

"Open the door immediately."

How it happened I don't quite know I saw her take a hasty step forward and in a moment the lamp had fallen, and she was enveloped in flames.

"Keep still!" I shouted, as I rushed forward.

I snatched up a great fur hearthrug and rolled her in it. So quickly did I succeed in extinguishing the fire that it was all over before Molly had quite realized what had happened. My hands were burnt rather badly, and Molly bore considerable evidence of having been a victim.

"Are you hurt?" I asked her, anxiously.

She didn't answer, but looked very scared and white.

"Molly," I said again.

She bent forward, took my hands

ever so tenderly between her own and burst into tears.

"My dear little girl," I said to her, half an hour later, when all had been explained and forgiven, "I think you will admit that it was a case of pride—"

"Versus Cupid," smiled Molly, looking up at me.

"And—"

"And Cupid has won," she whispered very softly, with her face very close to mine.

Well, there was only one thing Cupid could possibly have done. He went away triumphant, and I would have defied him to have shot one of his arrows between Molly's lips and mine.

Oh, by the way, Tringanham was my best man.



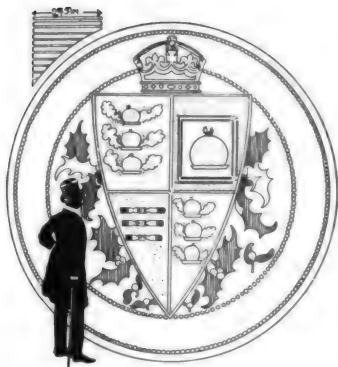


Fig. 1.

Xmas costs the United Kingdom a sum which if taken in sovereigns would provide sufficient to permit of a gold coin 12 feet high being fashioned, which would be 2 feet 5 inches thick (see top left hand corner of diagram).

THE gentleman who is regarding the huge gold coin in figure 1, which is twelve feet high and about five times as thick as this page is wide, must be filled with a certain amount of awe when he realizes that it represents the sum which John Bull is called upon to pay nowadays for the enjoyment he derives from the good old festival, for a rapid calculation on his part will elicit the fact that the golden disc contains some 276 cubic feet of the precious metal, which is worth not less than seventeen and a quarter million pounds—an amount that is two million pounds more than is necessary to pay the interest on the nation's Funded Debt, and sufficient to run the British Navy for eight months in the year. At this point of his cogitations he would doubtless tap the coin with his stick, with the view of discovering whether by any chance it is hollow, and, on satisfying himself that it is perfectly solid, wonder

THE £. s. d. OF XMAS.

By HAROLD MACFARLANE.

how many cubic feet of base metal are encased in the golden shell. The coin, however, is composed of gold as pure as the newest sovereign leaving the Mint—but as our friend is obviously becoming dubious with regard to the accuracy of our calculations, we had, perhaps, better put the figures before him without further delay, and thereby allay his suspicions.

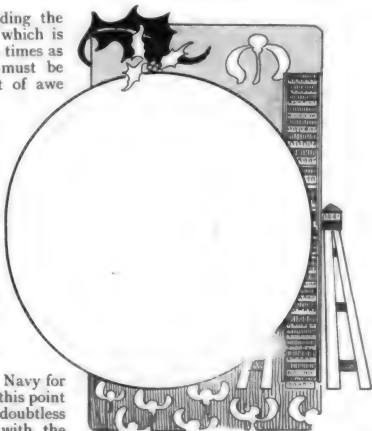


Fig. 2.

One considerable item of expense is the plum pudding of which sufficient is made in the United Kingdom to form a disc as high as the Great Wheel (diameter 300 feet), and five and a half feet thick.

In 1895, according to the figures set forth in Professor Mulhall's monumental

"Dictionary of Statistics," with a population of 39 millions the earnings of the United Kingdom amounted in the year to £1,421,000,000, or, taking the year to consist of 300 working days, rather over £4,700,000 per diem. Now, the Christmas festival varies in length according to the inclination and means of the individual, but on an average it may be taken to last two days and a half (Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and half a day either before or after the festival), and the problem we are called upon to answer is: If the income of the nation has increased in proportion to the increase of population (which is close upon 41,000,000), what sum will represent the loss of time (two days and a half) occasioned by the Christmas Festivities? And the answer, £12,440,000,

forms by far the largest item on the debit side of the account, which is made up by the inclusion of two other items, *i.e.*, on account of extra food, drink, and extraordinary out-of-pocket expenses, amounting to £2,799,000, whilst presents, railway fares, and etceteras account for a further £2,011,000, which gives a total of £17,250,000.

With regard to the two last items, which, in the absence of any official data, are purely hypothetical, our figures are arrived at by the following process of reasoning: In the United Kingdom it has been found by experience that the wage-earner spends 45 per cent. of his income on food, and as we have already shown the nation's income for two and a half days amounts to £12,440,000, a very simple calculation proves that the sum that would under ordinary circumstances be spent on the inner man would amount to £5,598,000, which would be increased owing to the festive character of the season by

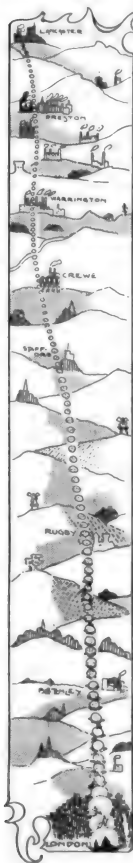
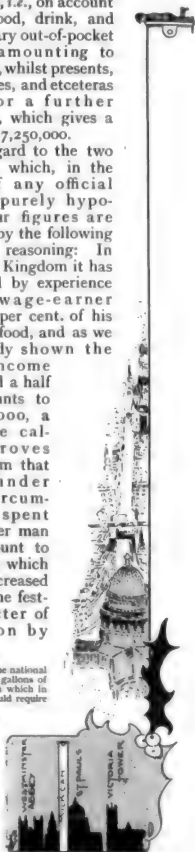


Fig. 3.

The National Plum Pudding consists of a sufficient number of items to form a continuous chain that would extend from London to Lancaster.

Fig. 4.
Another item of the national pudding is 142,200 gallons of Milk: to contain which in one vessel we should require a can 803 feet high and six feet in diameter from the summit of which a good view of London could be obtained. How the milk-can compares in height with the chief buildings of the Metropolis is shown in the lower portion of the diagram.



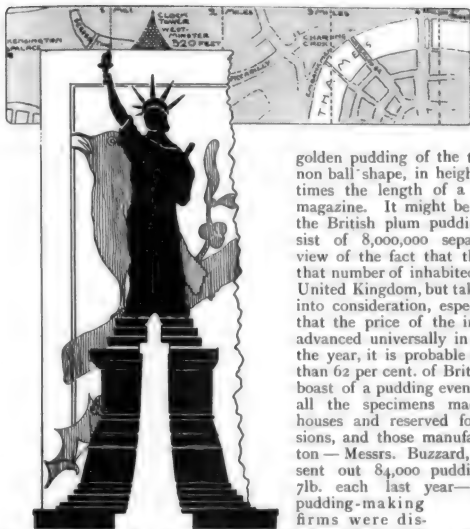


FIG. 4.

We show here a portion torn off the National Xmas Card, and compare its height with that of the statue of Liberty in New York harbour (304 feet). Behind the card the roof of the perhaps more familiar Westminster Clock Tower can be discerned whilst the proportions of Eddystone Lighthouse are outlined on the pedestal of the Statue. Having the above height the National Xmas Card would be over four miles long, and would extend from Kensington Palace to St. Paul's as the map forming the background shows.

about half as much again, *i.e.*, the £2,799,000 mentioned as our second item of expense.

With regard to our third item, we allowed for the sake of round numbers rather less than a shilling a head, a sum which cannot be said to err on the side of exaggeration.

One of the great features of the British Christmas is undoubtedly the plum pudding, the cost of which, included in our second item, amounts at fivepence per pound to £444,375, a sum which,

if taken in sovereigns and these were melted down, could be fashioned into a

golden pudding of the typical or cannon ball shape, in height rather three times the length of a page of this magazine. It might be imagined that the British plum pudding would consist of 8,000,000 separate items in view of the fact that there are about that number of inhabited houses in the United Kingdom, but taking everything into consideration, especially the fact that the price of the ingredients has advanced universally in the course of the year, it is probable that not more than 62 per cent. of British homes will boast of a pudding even allowing that all the specimens made in private houses and reserved for future occasions, and those manufactured by the ton—Messrs. Buzzard, for instance, sent out 84,000 puddings averaging 7lb. each last year—by the great pudding-making firms were distributed impartially all over the kingdom.

In our second diagram we have amalgamated the various items of the national plum

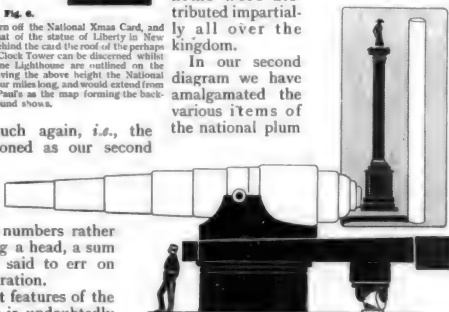


FIG. 5.

One of the concomitants of the pudding is the harmless necessary lump of sugar, of which there are enough cubic feet to permit of fifty-eight "dummy" 100-ton guns each the size of the pop-gun depicted (the artillery man is six feet high) to be fashioned out of it, or—see subsidiary diagram—one 1. map 14 feet in diameter as high as Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square.

pudding, which are represented in the third illustration, extending from Lancaster to London in an unbroken line, into one huge disc, having an area equal to that enclosed by the outer rim of the Great Wheel, i.e., over one and a half acres, which standing three hundred feet high, is over five and a half feet thick. If we make the national pudding to take

upon itself the conventional shape of its race, it would form a sphere whose height would be rather over half that of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, and whose girth could only be spanned by fifty-two average sized men with outstretched arms

and palms. That the national provocator of indigestion is a weighty subject, is proved by the fact that if it were placed on one pan of a pair of scales we should have to march an army of 94,000 men on to the other in order to counterbalance it, and each man would have to weigh sixteen stone in order to bring about the desired result.

Our fourth and fifth diagrams give an idea of the size of two of the in-

gredients of the national delicacy, the recipe for which on a wholesale scale would include, among other directions, the following advice:—"Take a solid cube of sugar, measuring 30 feet in each dimension; add 142,200 gallons of milk—stir gently."

The mince pie, as can be gauged from our eighth diagram, bulks largely

upon John Bull's Christmas dinner-table, but this is chiefly because, on account of the pastry, a very little mince-meat goes a very long way. Notwithstanding its vogue, in the north particularly, our diagram is based on the assumption that not more than 1,000 tons of mince-meat are

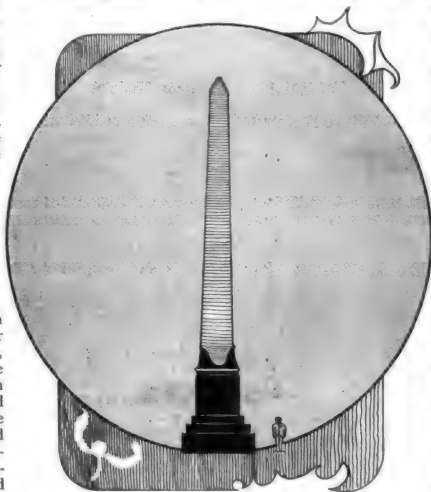


FIG. 7.
If the various items of the Xmas orange were amalgamated into a single sphere, the size of the same would easily dwarf the needle of Cleopatra for its height would be seventy-eight feet.

manufactured; this quantity, small as it appears, is sufficient to fill 26,880,000 separate encasements of pastry, which would permit of each individual in the kingdom to receive two-thirds of a pie for his or her consumption if they were all equally divided. If all these dainties were piled one on top of another (the strain on the specimen forming the base would even tax the strength of a *debutante's* attempt in pastry), the resultant column would

be fifty-odd miles high. As we have nothing quite so tall with which to compare it, we have in our diagram split it up into 2,700 lengths, each as high as the Eiffel Tower, and formed with them a hollow square, each of whose sides measures 225 feet.

That most edifying work, "The Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom," shows that in the course of the year some ten and a quarter million bushels of oranges and lemons, valued at £2,635,000, are annually imported into the United Kingdom; that a large proportion of the former fruit are landed a few weeks prior to the great festival in order to figure on the table as dessert on Christmas Day can be gathered from the statement published in the "Fruit-grower" some time ago to the effect that 100,000,000 oranges and lemons entered the kingdom during last December alone, which would, if placed side by side, extend over a distance equivalent to that separating London and Chicago and London and Edinburgh.

The Christmas orange as we see from our seventh diagram is a very imposing fruit, and forms a solid sphere only 12 feet less in height and 37 feet less in girth than the national plum pudding. If the various items comprising the aggregate orange were placed side by side, they would form

a yellow path extending from London to Paris—a path, by-the-way, that would be no less than two feet wide or about four times the width of this page.

Of the 8,084,000 inhabited houses in the United Kingdom about 2,068,000 have one or two rooms, 1,316,000 have

three rooms, and 4,700,000 have four or more rooms: into the first two classes of houses such a luxury as that source of infantile delight, the cracker, with its motto and bon-bon (sometimes replaced by a diamond ring or other jewelled bauble) but seldom enters; the cult of the cracker is, however, so much fostered in the houses of the well-to-do that in the aggregate the 10,716,000 items amalgamate to form the huge specimen portrayed in our ninth diagram. This cracker, if placed on end,

would stand 38 feet higher than the Monument on Fish Street Hill, whilst at the very lowest computation the column of sovereigns representing its cost price would stand 165 feet high.

On Christmas trees, mistletoe, and holly, the nation cannot spend less than £60,000, but

this item is comparatively small when compared with the expense to which we are put through the fashion of sending Christmas cards, a fashion so generally observed that it has been estimated that some eighty millions of "greetings" are annually dispatched through the post during the festive

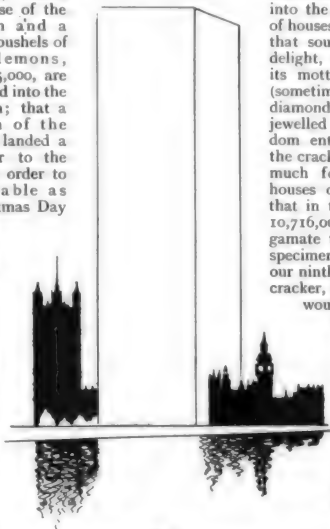


Fig. 2.

The huge tower that makes the Houses of Parliament look small is as high as the Eiffel Tower and comprises a hollow square each of whose sides is 225 feet in width; the tower is made of the various items comprising the National Mince Pie.



THE POLITICS OF THE DOG.

BY AUSTIN FRYERS.

IN ONE of the back numbers of *Punch* you will find a drawing by Leech

was his birth, but it illustrates a physiological anomaly so apparent that I will

not load it by unnecessary demonstration.

Perhaps not quite the same attention is devoted to dogs, but it is almost as studious and well-defined, and results in a preservation and perpetuation of conditions — "points" they are called—in much the same way.

The doggy "fancy" takes



Whippet Racing.

depicting an attenuated specimen of its victims almost as variously as of the aristocracy admiring a prize ox religion, and imbues them with a and involuntarily exclaiming, "By jove! What a splendid fellow you are!" To which the ox retorts: "And so would you have been had they taken as much care of your breeding."

This must have been a sore blow to a youth whose proudest boast



Another Whippet Race.

rancour suggestive of politics. There are no fewer than sixty-one dog clubs registered at 26 Southampton Street, the home of the Kennel Club, and

are all making for goals far away from the intention for which his original lucky ancestors were preserved in the Ark. Just a few of the sporting breeds



A Quartette of Pets.

there are many pariah clubs, societies, and associations for the cultivation and study of the dog outside this charmed circle.

It would be hopeless to expect the individual members to agree among themselves. I do not know whether they do or do not, but assume they do not from the mere fact that they are composed of human beings—so that when we try to realize the polemical heat of sixty-one clubs in most probable disagreement among themselves and with each other, and add to it their united disagreement with outside clubs with its natural hundredfold return, we must conclude and admit that the dog is a very important factor in our civilization.

It is no wonder the Dog in the Palace looks so insufferably conceited, or howls with such callous carelessness of the consequences to the contiguous Cafe Chantant.

I wonder if it ever crosses the mind of a prize dog to wonder why he is so treated by his caretakers. His points

which are seen on show benches possess some of the ability which is accepted as their *raison d'être*, but in many instances the original intention of a prize dog of a particular breed has been lost sight of in the development of his good looks. In the various sheep-dog and collie trials, for instance, we see many dogs scoring hugely who would make quite a show of the unexpected kind on the show bench.

However, there are sixty-one clubs under one roof for the better understanding of such mysteries as these, and others innumerable all over the country, so that I shall not attempt any further exploration of them.

Dogs, I believe, like to come to the Crystal Palace when the annual Kennel Club's Show is on. It is certainly a wonderful sight to see the most varied of all breeds brought together under the palatial roof, ranging from the toy to the mastiff, and from the almost hairless terrier to the almost hidden poodle. The opinions which these dogs of such various breed entertain of

each other must surely be as divergent as the views of the sixty-one clubs which look after them when a knotty point of doggy law or procedure crops up.

To the onlooker who is not well up in points it is all rare fun to examine the dog curios, and to witness the loving care with which the devoted slaves of some opulent Maltese terrier carefully comb its silken tresses and re-adjust its coquettish neck-ribbon. Not less interesting is the obvious pride, the ambition, and the nervous anticipation with which the owners of the competitors escort them round the judging rings.

The Kennel Club takes itself quite seriously and exerts no small influence throughout the country. That it could not upset the "Muzzling Minister" is not to be wondered at, as nothing short of the certain overthrow of the cabinet can exact civility from the porter of a Government office, much less secure reason from an obstinate member of the Government itself.

But in many other ways it has

sarily imposed on dog lovers. The quarantine laws are so rigorous that it is practically impossible to travel outside this country accompanied by a favourite dog, which is rather hard, considering that Anarchists are not placed under any apparent restrictions.

The judging of dogs is an onerous task to undertake, and one in the discharge of which it is almost impossible to give satisfaction. To understand the points of a dog at all argues a preference for some particular breed. The judge is naturally a member of the club associated with that breed, and so is looked on with suspicion by all the members of the other sixty clubs.

A writer in *The Field* quite recently referring to this difficulty, says:—"Every man appears to consider his own special variety of dog first, as may be instanced at shows at which there are several judges engaged in awarding some special prize for the best in the competition. One judge favours the suit of the St. Bernard; another the English setter . . . a third the



Anxious to be Judged.

effected useful reforms, and is setting itself continuously to the removal or amelioration of the hampering conditions which are sometimes unneces-

pointer . . . and so'on. . . . In the end a kind of compromise is brought about, with the result that possibly the least valuable animal—maybe

the worst also in points—is given precedence.”

The pessimistic hypothesis of the writer with his “possibly” and “may-be”

It entered into the heads of the runners of agricultural shows that collies and sheep-dogs were more in keeping with the scope of the catalogues



Judging.

cannot detract from the unintentional compliment paid to the whole system of judging. Considering the difficulty of reconciling the differences of opinion entertained by representatives from certain of sixty-one clubs, each of which believes in a different ideal of the perfect dog, it is surely statesmanship of the highest quality to be able to arrive at that “kind of compromise” which we know as judging. Opinions would probably not be so very divergent in doggy politics if Nature had not made the dogs themselves so divergent. It is of course impossible to dote on a toy dog and regard a mastiff with favour; nor can anyone think a poodle ideal and look without shuddering at an English bull terrier. These are such obviously irreconcilable things that my wonder is, not that judging is difficult, but that it is possible, when we bear in mind that the judges themselves are as heated partizans as the exhibitors.

The Kennel Klub Kabinet has other weighty matters to deal with from time to time.

than many of the exhibits so frequently included in them, and so benches were provided for the exhibition of the “agricultural” dogs I have mentioned. But such a use of the dog was held by the Kennel Kabinet to be an unlicensed exhibition, and the dogs which thus mixed in such questionable society were disqualified for life.

There is a loophole for such exhibitions in the concession of the Kennel Kabinet for a licence of one-day dog shows, and this may in future meet the case. But woe to the dog who makes his bow-wow at an unlicensed dog-show, although the same may be for funds for the restoration of the village pump. Any such aberration from official rectitude constitutes him a pariah for the term of his natural life.

There is a growing tendency among dog-lovers to bring into prominence the special proclivities of the breed, especially in the case of sporting dogs. Bloodhound trials are now quite common and are resulting in increasing success, and whippet-races are now

quite an interesting and welcome feature of the principal dog shows.

Bloodhound trials arose out of the public dissatisfaction at the helplessness of the police in the case of the terrible Ripper outrages in the East End. So frequently were the police on the heels of the murderous lunatic who committed them, that it seemed a certainty that the employment of bloodhounds, if started on such a fresh

At the recent Crystal Palace Dog Show a handicap was arranged, confined to whippets on exhibition. The prizes were cups, value five guineas and two guineas, and a silver cigarette case. The event was a most interesting one, and is bound to grow in popularity. It is, too, a laudable one, for it makes the whippet, not the whippet the sport. In the sheep-dog trials it is a fact that one never sees a



Awaiting the Award.

trail, must result in his capture. This probably is too rosy a theory, as a trail which may be distinct in some back-way or slum alley will scarcely remain distinguishable even to the most keen-scented hound when it is mingled in the confusion of a busy London street.

show collie among the competitors, which lends colour to the pessimistic view that the luxury and idleness of the show bench develop points at the ex-

pense of the cleverness which should distinguish the breed, and which has been obtained by descent from working ancestors.



A Famed Beauty's Toilet

The Home of the Christmas Card.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. ADOLPH TUCK.

BY CHARLES H. LEWINS.

A PALACE being the proper abode for princes, it is appropriate that the princes of art who constitute the famous firm of Raphael Tuck & Sons should be possessed of business surroundings luxuriant in character equal to anything of its kind in the world.

Such a place is Raphael House in Moorfields, the splendid buildings in which a little more than two years ago these great art publishers gathered together under one roof the then scattered sections of their large business. Here, under the Directors' eyes, each department has room for considerable expansion.

Although the founder of the firm lived long enough to see the finished edifice which crowned his life's efforts, the late Mr. Raphael Tuck had retired from active business life so long ago as 1881, when he left his three sons, Messrs. Adolph, Gustave, and Herman, in charge of affairs. About five years ago the business was turned into a private limited company, the public

being not admitted. Mr. Adolph became managing director, retaining his control of the card and art departments; Mr. Gustave, a director and manager of the book and calendar departments; while the third director,

Mr. Herman, undertook the financial portion of the business.

Sitting with the Managing Director in his beautiful private office the other day, waiting to discuss the genesis of the Christmas card and its wonderful growth, I welcomed the delay occasioned by the preliminary stream of interruptions from artists and designers with work waiting for the final *cachet* of the principal, and from managers with urgent telegrams and messages requiring the personal attention of this



MR ADOLPH TUCK'S ROOM
(MANAGING DIRECTOR)

great captain of industry. The interruptions were welcome because they gave me an opportunity to examine the beautiful frieze, a replica of that on the Parthenon, which adds so much to the artistic value of this room; to study the finely designed fireplace of solid mahogany and grandly grained marble;

or, better still, to gaze with envious delight on the works of art which adorn the walls—the workshop, it was evident, of a busy man, to whom the study of beauty is no mere commercialism; an artist to the finger tips, to whom anything tawdry or disorderly would be painful.

When pressing matters had been attended to, Mr. Tuck began with a smile to discuss the subject of the interview, speaking with that animation and interest in his subject which characterizes the successful business man. Determined to begin at the beginning, the first question I asked was:—

"Who invented the Christmas card, Mr. Tuck?"

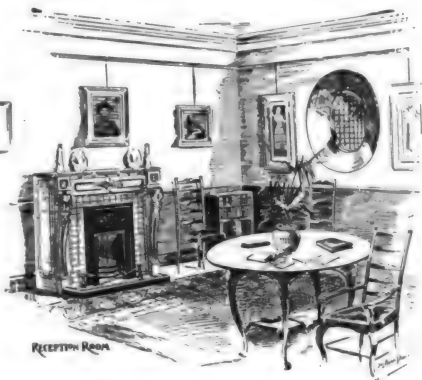
"Well," replied its leading modern exponent, "the credit is generally given to De la Rue's and Marcus Ward, both of whom, curiously enough, are no longer in the business, the Ward trade having passed into other hands, and De la Rue's having given up manufacturing Christmas cards altogether."

"The British Museum catalogue," I remarked, "records nobody's cards before 1874, and then the first mentioned is the S.P.C.K. (Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge). The firms you speak of are not mentioned until 1876."

"In that case," replied Mr. Tuck, "the Catalogue is wrong, as we started in 1870-1, and we do not claim to be the first publishers. However, the Christmas card had been invented a quarter of a century earlier than this, and here is a copy of the very first one on record."

"The card," he went on, "was designed in 1844 by the late John Calcott Horsley, R.A., and sent by him to a friend. So much notice did this little greeting card receive from the owner's friends that the following Christmas Mr. Horsley decided to have it reproduced by engraving, and a copy was sent round to his circle of immediate acquaintances.

"What was done privately between 1845 and 1870, I do not know, but I should imagine that before publishers started printing these cards Mr.



RECEPTION ROOM

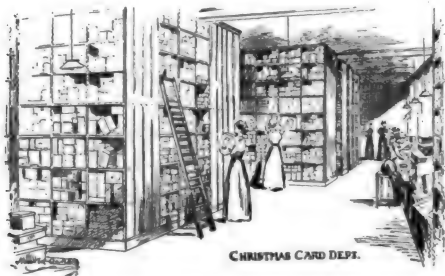
Horsley's little effort was the first example.

"My late father, Mr. Raphael Tuck, had started to make chromos, oleographs, and black and white lithographs in 1866, special attention being always paid to coloured reproductions, and when we started publishing Christmas cards the firm had already progressed so well that we removed to much larger premises. Yet, so moderate were our views then, and in so experimental a stage was the Christmas card trade, that we actually commenced the first year with six sets of cards. Our second

essay was with twelve sets, and when, after some years, we had reached hundreds in one season, most of us believed that we had practically exhausted the possibilities of the trade. To show you how wrong this idea was,

Solomon, A.R.A. No doubt it was largely the honour of taking part in such a competition which attracted all the best artists in the line and gave us such a wide circle of designers to commission in the future. When I learnt

the winner of the first prize, £100, was a Miss Alice Squire, who lived near the Crystal Palace, I called upon the lady personally with the pleasing intelligence, and both she and the second prize winner, Miss Harriet M. Bennett have been among our



CHRISTMAS CARD DEPT.

we are issuing this year not less than 1,400 sets of cards!

"During our earlier business career, I travelled largely over the British Isles, calling upon customers, and it is to this experience I attribute a large measure of my faculty for organizing trade. For ten years also I went once a year to the United States, where since their first introduction, our goods have always enjoyed a large sale."

I asked Mr. Tuck at this point to what special cause he attributed the rapid growth of their business since 1875.

"The first real filip to our business occurred when, in 1880, we carried to a successful issue the first Christmascard competition ever held. We had offered prizes amounting to five hundred guineas for the best designs for Christmas cards. Two thousand designs were sent in, and in addition to giving the prizes we purchased over £2,500 worth of designs. All the competing designs were afterwards exhibited in the Dudley Galleries, and large crowds went there daily to see them. The judging of the designs was undertaken by Sir John Millais, P.R.A., Marcus Stone, R.A., G. H. Boughton, R.A., and Solomon J.

valued contributors ever since.

"There was a picture of roses in vases, painted by Miss Kate Sadler, of Horsham, which was given one of our £25 prizes. So pleased was I with this design that I called on this young lady also. I learnt that since she had painted it for our competition, another publisher she had worked for had seen the picture and tried hard to buy it. She had refused to dispose of it then, but she had consented to sell it to him if it failed to gain a prize. Now she wished me to let him have it if I didn't mind. But I did mind very much and we published it and it was a very great success indeed, and I don't think Miss Sadler has ever regretted that we reproduced her designs, for we made them perfect fac-similes of her originals, and naturally assisted her reputation as one of the first painters of roses very materially.

"The effect of this successful competition was to give an enormous impetus to our Christmas card trade, in fact, it may be said to owe the bulk of its great volume to this exhibition and to the enormous number and very favourable character of the Press

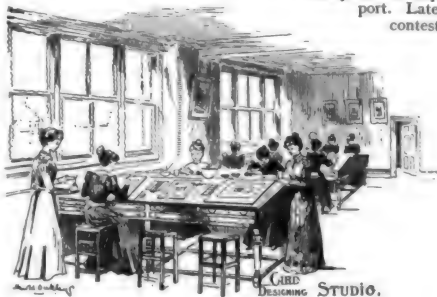
notices upon it. The *Standard*, discussing the painting of original Christmas cards, said it veritably believed, 'that if an angel from Heaven were to come down and produce Christmas cards without first calling in the aid of a good card publisher he would be sure to make a failure of it'; while in the *Saturday Review*, the late Mr. George Augustus Sala wrote, 'On Monday last, Mr. Raphael Tuck woke up to find himself famous,' and so on through a long article."

Now-a-days, I may note, Messrs. Tuck and Sons receive, as a matter of course, a general chorus of annual praise from the newspapers, but Mr. Adolph's reference to these earlier notices shows how much they have appreciated the help ever rendered to them by the Press.

"Our next most notable enterprise was the 'Royal Academy' series. We offered every Royal Academician and Associate a commission to design a set of Christmas cards for us. Thirty negotiated with us, and fourteen eventually closed with the terms, which I need scarcely say were unprecedentedly high. I tried hard to get both Millais and Alma Tadema; the former, however, while complimenting us highly upon our efforts to thus bring the best of art to every home in an inexpensive form, was unable to accept any commissions for some years, while Mr. Tadema's engagements prevented my securing him. But Sir John sent me away with a hearty handshake and the honest assurance of his belief that he considered our firm were doing more to elevate the people in art taste than any other agency.

"Although, as a great *réclame*, our Royal Academy series probably paid, individually, it was not a brilliant financial success. Not more than four or five out of the fourteen sets sold well enough to return their cost, and not more than two paid well. Of course, I cannot mention names, but I might say that the most elaborate and carefully worked up designs were never so successful as simpler, less pretentious efforts in which there was some bold effect to at once catch and please the eye. The Christmas card, to be successful, must have this effective character, and our yearly business is to produce as many as possible of this class of card.

"Although we have organized many competitions since our first one in 1880, and have given thousands of pounds in prizes, and attracted as many as 10,000 competitors, none of these have created the phenomenal interest which our first exhibition caused everywhere. Of course, among artists, the later competitions have been more widely patronized than the first one, but it certainly seemed in 1880 as if every newspaper in the country had been agreeing to give our competition its support. Later contests



have included prizes for literary matter, such authorities as Sir Walter Besant and the late Mr. Grant Allen acting as judges, and we have purchased in all cases large quantities of both literary

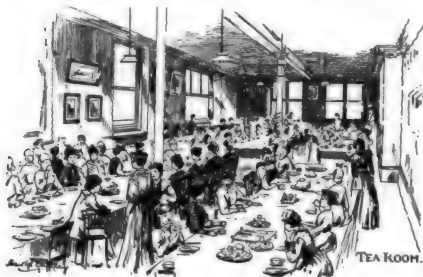
and artistic work from the competitors."

"You have a number of houses abroad, Mr. Tuck, I believe?"

"Only two—in Paris and New York

have had no reason to regret. Our American trade is extremely valuable, because the public taste is exactly the same as in England, and what pleases here is sure to suit there. The uniformity of language

enables us to double our market, and thus we can afford to pay more for our designs and give the better value which comes from a widened sale. Of course, in France and Germany and other Continental countries, we supply cards and books in the language of the people. But in



—the rest of our business abroad is done through agents. The Paris house was opened in 1882, the one in New York three years later. But we did a large business in New York for many years earlier. Our agent there was a very well-known man, Willy Wallach. He was President of the United Stationery Association, and he occupied large premises in the *World Building*. At first our manufactures were but a portion of the goods he sold, but their importance to him grew rapidly, and he was the ablest merchant that I ever knew. Well, you know the *World Building* was burnt down, and Wallach, after the fire—at which he did much to save his stock—sat down and wrote us a letter of eight pages announcing his intention in the future to devote his time entirely to us. The letter arrived one morning, and we were naturally pleased to hear of this resolve. But, unfortunately, his exertions and exposure at the fire had proved too much for him, and two hours later that very morning a cable arrived announcing his death. We made other agency arrangements later on, but they were only temporary, and in 1885 we opened our own house in the States, a step we

Russia, English cards sell best—the children of the Czar affecting English things. One cause of this is due to the Princess of Wales. Every year, you may know, we prepare for many Royalties, including the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of York, a number of Christmas cards and calendars. Well, some years ago, the Princess was in Russia for Christmas, and she sent for her cards and calendars there. I suppose this set the fashion in Russia. At any rate, cables began to come to us daily from princesses and the nobility there ordering new cards and calendars, and now quite a large Russian trade is done by us every year in English cards."

At this moment the warehouse manager entered the room. He had promised to take me on a personally-conducted tour round the premises, so we left Mr. Tuck and started, I first requesting that we should commence at the beginning of the manufacture and trace out the processes from the blank paper to the packed bales ready to be forwarded to the shops of the sellers.

On this, the manager conducted me to the chief studio of the firm, where two ladies, the firm's head designers,

control a small army of lady artists. Every set of cards issued by the firm passes through the hands of these ladies, who have been for a number of years with Messrs. Tuck. Each of them had on hand a variety of original designs. As one of them told me, "One cannot force designing, one must wait until the humour comes. So if I cannot do one card to-day, I try another."

Then both ladies showed me a number of designs in various stages of progress. "Sometimes we get merely an idea from an artist. Other times we give an artist an idea and he works it out. The artist who paints the best is often quite lacking in ideas, and very often the man or woman who thinks of the most useful novelties cannot begin to make them."

We discussed the improvements in art reproduction, and smiled to think of the crudities which, years ago, had seemed the acme of excellence. These two ladies remembered a flower-pot cover which had been one of their earliest triumphs. Last summer, it faced them in a seaside sitting-room, coming up like a ghost to bring back memories of the past. Only six years, and yet, what changes had been made in public taste! But I found the designers, like journalists, took all their pleasure from the current task, and that little interest was left for the finished article.

One short visit to the studio gave me some idea of the styles for 1901, for, of course, it was for next year's season. Principally that work is now in progress, all the 1900 cards having long been out of the designers' hands. I say "principally," however, as I am told that season

1902 is already occupying their consideration.

Before any card or other production can be finally passed, it must be submitted to Mr. Adolph Tuck, to whom, however, it has, in its preliminary stages, been already several times shown. Once completed, it passes to the printers, the only operation which is not performed on the premises.

My steps were then directed to the Calendar and Book Department, which is under the direct supervision of Mr. Gustave Tuck. Here I stood surrounded by tons of most beautifully designed calendars that were being transferred to baskets, which baskets, in turn, were carried by lifts to the vast packing-rooms in the basement of the building. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons' Calendars are world renowned, and justly so, but one has to see them in this great warehouse to appreciate the enormous business that is done in these works of Art. It was explained to me that over two hundred different calendar designs of every style, price, and shape go to make up the collection for this season, while the processes employed are many and



varied. Chromo-lithography in its highest form heads the list, while the art of the etcher and the engraver, both in line and mezzotint, and the different methods of photogravure

and phototype have all been requisitioned.

Here, too, I stood in the home of "Father Tuck." "Father Tuck," the inseparable companion of Father Christmas; "Father Tuck," the friend of so many thousands of little people all the world over. I was shown beautifully illustrated books, from the modest sum of one penny to that of many shillings. I admired the Painting Books, I wondered at the clever Mechanical Books, and I fell in love with Father Tuck's Annual, and a new and exquisite edition of Grimm's Fairy Stories. I was also greatly impressed by a very finely illustrated Natural History by Dr. Ridewood, of the Natural History Museum. And here it should be mentioned that the educational vein is very strongly defined in Messrs. Tuck's publications for children.

When the finished articles come back from the printers, they enter the great receiving room on the ground floor, from which they pass to the various departments. While the Christmas card department is a very important section of the firm's business, it is by no means its only strength. Even the "Card Department" is full of other things than Christmas cards, a large trade being done in Easter cards and birthday cards, wedding cards, menus, religious mottoes, &c.

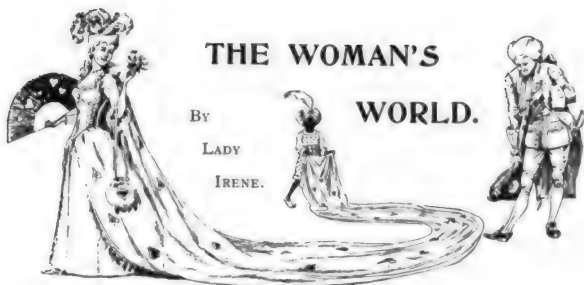
The Christmas card (coloured) department, which is the principal one,

of course, is under its separate manager. I carefully examined the system of checking goods which obtains here, in common with all departments of this business, and found it combined simplicity with accuracy. A first-class system of book-keeping has done much to preserve the benefits of the success which this firm has achieved. Space does not allow for a detailed reference to all the various departments. Some idea of the extent of the card trade may be gathered from the fact that sets of travellers' samples cost over £36 each to produce. Naturally Messrs. Tuck confine these to their own travellers, but they will, of course, supply them with cards in pockets instead of glued, at cost price. The private printing cards, of which this firm are enormous manufacturers, are dealt with, as I have stated, in a separate department. So gigantic is the trade that the firm make no less than 3,000 sets of samples for their agents, each of which costs them nearly a sovereign. When I visited Raphael House, these were just going out, and the manager stated that every one was examined, and if one card in the collection was not put in straight the book was put back for alteration. In the room where these sample books are being finished, one sees an army of young ladies busy ribboning and jewelling cards. One very noticeable feature of Messrs. Tuck and Sons' employés is the very superior class from which they are drawn.



VIEW OF S. PAUL'S

FROM ROOF.



BY

LADY

IRENE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—fear' not I am about to be either philosophical or dissertative—tells, perhaps with more frankness than discretion, how a woman confided to him "that the sense of being well dressed gives a sense of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow." And though there are few of us who would have dared make this open confession, yet now the truth is out, who can doubt but it finds echo all the world over? It may not be admirable, but it is absolutely human, and not confined—let me whisper this—to the feminine sex alone.

To be well-dressed is to be suitably-dressed. Let me be pardoned that I repeat so trite a truism. In my search for that peace that clothes bestow, I visited, no later than yesterday, Messrs. Hart and Son, 184, 186, Regent Street. And if you desire a practical object-lesson in the sartorial art, when raised to the higher level of woman's requirements, I would advise you at the first opportunity to go there. Mr. Hart has just removed from Conduit Street, and the new rooms are spacious and eminently

comfortable, so that selecting new clothes is an unalloyed pleasure. Here you are far removed from the whirl and fuss that seem inseparable from shops: in its stead you find yourself environed with a sense of tran-

quility and cosiness, and time itself seems to wait while you decide the vital question of form and colour. And everything may be purchased here; riding-habits and ball gowns, golf-costumes and the most elaborate of visiting-gowns. Mr. Hart's cycling costumes are of world-wide repute. And this is not a *façon de parler*, but a fact. Wherever civilized woman goes, accompanied by her bicycle—it would be difficult to pick out a spot on the habitable globe where she is not—there you will assuredly find a big percentage of Mr. Hart's costumes. For most of us have a happy little knack of picking out, for our better personal adornment, whatever combines



A perfect Cycling Costume.

comfort, durability, and smartness—an essential trilogy. And the Hart cycling skirts possess these qualities: they are never out-rivalled, and rarely equalled. Practice and theory for once

run hand in hand, and they look as nice "on" as in the sketch on my first page.

My second illustration is of a blouse whose neatness and completeness is quite ideal. Since coats and skirts still continue to receive our most affectionate regard, it follows as a matter of course that the blouse bodice remains with us. The smartest of these are made either in glacé silk or satin to match the costume.

Supposing a dark green costume, what could be prettier than strappings on the shaped frill of a small blue check silk, scarf and fringed ends to match, and the yoke and collar in tucked chiffon? Or, if the dress were mauve, a fancy panne would be effective—the predominating note to be mauve. Or another variation in black, and, perhaps the most charming of all, would be black glacé silk, with strappings of white panne, the yoke and collar of embroidered white silk, and the cravat of string-coloured Maltese lace.

The spirit of Christmas "peace and goodwill" seems even to having imbued Dame Fashion—so often an autocrat of most imperious decrees. And now to the question, "Shall my coat be long or short?" she graciously responds, "According to your figure, so must you decide." If you be short, but daintily proportioned, let the tight, well-fitting coat display your

charms, if over-plump, encase yourself in a shortish coat, semi-fitting; if over-length be your complaint, then envelope yourself in a three-quarter coat, with nicely adjusted yoke, and somewhat voluminous shirt and so shall your lean lankness be modified. But if you be her darling child, tall and of harmonious development, then may you adorn yourself in coat, short

or long, tight or loose, and so well shall they all become you, that none can say, "this is the superlative."

Are skirts worn long or short? is another question still mooted by some. And the one unvarying reply—here Dame Fashion I must admit is somewhat dictatorial—is long. From four to six inches is about the average of the ordinary walking skirt, house dresses are rather longer, and evening dresses have of course full length trains. And really it is just as well that the skirt intended for outdoor wear should be made slightly trained. The so-called short skirt is a delusion and a snare.

Two short inches separate it from the rough unkempt ground. In fine weather it answers fairly well, though it is extremely unbecoming. In wet or muddy weather it is a rank failure.

Dare to leave it alone, and with a greed almost incredible it sucks up mud and rain, and then, with a generosity as indiscreet as undesirable, it



A dainty Blouse.

bestows around feet and ankles the loathsome mixture of street refuse. Too long to escape the ground, too short to hold up, like most compromises, a thing to be shunned, whereas with a fairly long skirt one gets a good grip, and can hold it according to the exigencies of the weather with a minimum amount of discomfort.

In the selection of hats the widest licence is given. Hats of all sorts

and sizes, all shapes and shades, find favour among Fashion's votaries. The one illustrated is particularly *chic*, and comes from the Maison Vero, 24 Brook Street, W., and in all my wandering to and fro in search of the beautiful, nowhere have I seen prettier models than at this establishment. But perhaps that is not altogether surprising, since they are culled from the

very best ateliers in Paris, and then, when necessary, modified by a master-hand to suit the English face, so that a subtle harmony is produced equally advantageous to the wearer and the hat—a consummation too often disregarded by the mere fashionable milliner, utterly devoid of artistic instinct, and whose one aim is to sell a hat.

This shape has taken a well-deserved prominence this season. In the present

instance it is composed of two shades of blue panne velvet, blended so cunningly that it is difficult to say where one begins and the other leaves off. The wings are blue and the whole is completed by a huge steel buckle. Another hat that met with my approval was also of the toque variety with the brim bent in front to quite a sharp little point, then going quickly backwards either sides in dents. The brim is of soft feathers, purple—the

purple bloom of a grape—and the crown is arranged in delightful folds of chiffon and velvet shading delicately in the changeful lights, so that all the scintillating shades of the feathers are reproduced. The destiny of this hat should be to crown a piquante brunette. Her fair sister, I would have choose a hat of quite another type. It glories in a broad brim;



Went and distingué.

the under part is lined with sealskin and turns up crescent-wise at the sides, while the upper brim and crown are a billowy mass of cream satin and lace of spider-web delicacy, while two great *choux* of the satin fall on the hair at the back.

And now I may, I trust, without putting myself under the stigma of plagiarism, wish my many readers "A joyful Christmas and a gladsome New Year."



OUR CAUSERIE.



**Society and the
Election.**

Society has become a little difficult since the election, and success depends chiefly on the possession of a good memory. Who has got in for the first time, and who has been re-elected after a struggle, whom to congratulate and with whom to condole—these are the puzzles of the present moment, and some sort of text-book on the subject would be a decided help. The text-book should be portable, and easy of reference, something that might be slipped into a card case or hidden in a fan. By the aid of this pocket mentor the artless damsel might manage to say the right thing to all the met, bestowing her brightest smile on the member who had secured a triumphant majority, and avoiding noisy congratulations to the man who had only got in by the skin of his teeth. There might be an alphabetical list of M. P.'s., headed, "Those whom you are likely to meet," with suitable advice as to behaviour. For example—"Brown. A triumphant success, congratulate him fervently. If you can't remember where he stood for, just shake hands very warmly, and pass on. Jones.

Also successful. Don't say, 'I am glad you got the better of that horrid wretch.' His election was unopposed. Robinson. Didn't get in. Drop the subject of politics altogether, and don't on any account say, 'mind you don't forget to ask us to tea on the terrace next season?'" Seriously the less we talk about election times the better, for an element of great bitterness was infused into them on this occasion by the differences of opinion about the war in the first place, and the Irish University Extension Bill in the second. To mention only one instance, Mr. Atherley Jones' majority was largely affected by his voting against the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland and further grants to R. C. schools. The Roman Catholic element in Durham is very strong, and the Irish all voted against the Liberals although they are anxious for Home Rule.

Back at School. The M.P.s' return to St. Stephen's after the election with something

of the feeling of boys coming back to school. There have been a great many changes during the holidays and a good many new boys have joined since last term. There are ten new boys in every hundred (if we are to be quite exact), and there are a few old favourites gone. There is one member gone who will be greatly missed—Sir Wilfred Lawson. He was very popular with both sides of the House, and his speeches were always worth listening to. Humorous speakers are rare, and the House can ill afford to lose its principal jester.

Some of the new members will probably do a good deal of entertaining next season; amongst them Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, who has a beautiful house in Carlton Terrace to entertain in, and a charming American wife to act as hostess.

**A
Great Pianist.**

Herr Liebling, has become so very popular in London society. Herr Liebling has a delightful personality, he has a keen appreciation of humour, and the easy manners of one who has been accustomed to move in Courts. It is not often that one can get him to talk about the honours he has received, but the other day I coaxed him into telling me about his visit to the Queen. "That was a most happy experience," he began "I received a command to go to Osborne to

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying portrait of the great pianist who



(Photo by Elliott and Fry.)

Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P.

play before the Queen. It was not a State Concert, you know—a stiff affair with many performers—there was no other artist, and I played all the time. I played for an hour and a half—from ten till eleven-thirty! And I was not tired, and the Queen was not tired!" he said, in his pretty, foreign way. "Who selected the programme?" I asked. "Her Majesty," answered Herr Liebling. "I sent three programmes for her approval—one romantic, one classical, and one modern—and Her Majesty picked out works from all the three and

put them into one. The Queen is a thorough musician, you know, and understands how to prepare a programme. You cannot think how gracious and charming she was. Before I began to play, she said to my wife, 'Where would you like to sit?' With the Court ladies, or near your husband, while he plays?' Madame Liebling replied, 'I would rather sit with my husband,' and the Queen said, smilingly,

'I should have made the same reply under the circumstances.' And, really, it was much the best choice for my wife to have made," he added, simply, "for, as she sat near me, she was able to see the Queen and the Court ladies all the time."

**At
Osborne** "Did you play any of your own compositions to the Queen, Mr. Liebling?" "Yes, the 'Suite à la Watteau'—she had put it in the programme. When I got to it the Queen stopped me and said

"'Suite à la Watteau,' what does it mean?" So I gave the explanation before I played it. I said, 'Your Majesty, this is not an attempt to recall any one particular picture of the painter's, only to convey a general impression of his style. The pieces are called "Louis XV," "The Marquise de Pompadour," "Love's Secret," and "Bâl Champêtre." It is meant to represent the first time that Louis the Fifteenth saw Madame de Pompadour. The appearance of the king is represented by the minuet, and that of the lady by a gavotte—he is supposed to

see her dancing it. In "Love's Secret" he is making a declaration of his passion among the shaded alleys of the Palace, and in the "Bâl Champêtre" one is supposed to be looking on at a grand entertainment given in honour of the

Court
Pianist.

"The Princess Christian patronized one of your concerts, did she not? and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg also?" "Yes, all the royalties here have been very gracious to me. You see I am

the Court pianist of Coburg-Gotha, which is so closely connected with the English Court. Duke Ernest gave me the appointment ten years since. My chief there now is the young son of the Duchess of Albany, as you know. I had a special audience with the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg not long before he died. He was extremely nice to me. Duke Alfred was not haughty," added Herr Liebling. "You know people said he was? It was an error, he was kindness itself, and most simple and natural in his ways. Madame Liebling accom-



(Photo by Elliott and Fry.)

Herr Liebling.

new favourite.' The Queen followed this story with interest, for she likes to know what a composer intends by his music. Afterwards she gave me a most beautiful pin—you have seen me wear it, have you not? It has V.R.I. in diamonds mounted on a crown."

panied me to Clarence House, and the Duke asked her if there was anything she would like. She replied that she had with her what she called her royal fan, an ivory fan containing signatures of Royalties, and she would be honoured if he would inscribe his name

on one of the leaves. 'He did this at once, and said, 'Oh, I have made a blot,' and made haste to take out his handkerchief to try to remove the little smudge on the ivory."

"You have received several decorations, have you not, Mr. Liebling?" "Yes, three—the Coburg one for Art and Science, the Persian Sun and Lion, and the Chinese Double Dragon given me a short time ago." "You played to the Chinese Ambassador, I believe?" "Yes, it is very funny about that. You know the Chinese music is very different from ours, and when the Ambassador came over here he didn't like our music at all, and he couldn't bear the piano. But somehow or other he liked my playing, and he said, in his slow way, 'Mr. Liebling, I like your music. I should like to introduce it in China.'" "I remember you composed a march for him—a splendid thing, full of barbaric passion. I forget if you dedicated any music to the Shah?" "A violin sonata," replied Mr. Liebling; "the one I played with Mr. Johannes Wollf at the Patti Concert. To the Duke of Saxe-Coburg I dedicated my Piano-Concerto. I played it in Paris last year at one of the Figaro Concerts."

Early Memories.

Herr Liebling is a native of Berlin, but his father was a Russian named Lubitz, who translated his name into its German equivalent. George Liebling showed his musical talents so early that by the time he was sixteen he was appointed professor of piano at the Kullak Conservatoire. "I had to teach a class of great girls," he says, "all taller than myself. But I made them mind me. Kullak had taught the piano in his youth to the late Emperor Frederick and the Empress Frederick. I know that," said Mr. Liebling, "because I remember seeing their portraits hung up on the wall with 'to our beloved teacher' underneath. One need not reside in a place because one is a Court pianist. I have

taken up my abode permanently in London. I like England and the English, and you see I have an appointment at the Guildhall School of Music, which ties me to time. It leaves me plenty of time to accept engagements for concert work, and I also play in a great many houses, as you know." "And you were actually a professor when you were sixteen?" I said, thoughtfully; "what a clever boy you must have been!" "I was then," said Mr. Liebling, with a twinkle in his eye, as he got up and bade me adieu.

Two Clever Sisters.

The accompanying portraits of the two clever sisters, Anna and Louie Löwe, might serve as an illustration of the truth of physiognomy, their features being such as we are always accustomed to associate with the musical type. Both sisters have the full brow which phrenologists say shows time and tune, whilst the younger one bears a curious resemblance to the portrait of Handel. Both artists showed signs of their exceptional gifts so extremely early that had they not had a very sensible mother, they would certainly have been exhibited as "wonder-children." Little Anna used to sing beautifully when she was only 15 months old, and when she was only three years old she would find fault with a grown-up pianist who played a wrong note—and she would always be right. When she was growing up her mother took her to play to Stevenhagen, begging for a candid opinion as to her talents. "I think I never heard an artist like her," she said, "but then, I am her mother." Stavenhagen heard her play, and told her mother that she was correct in what she said—that there were very few in thousands with such gifts. "I do not teach for money," he added, "but I assist talent. Let her come to Weimar and study under me." The family then went to Weimar, but a sad circumstance—the death of the third sister from typhoid—led them to return to England, where Anna and Louie studied privately, the one with

Fraulein Eugenia Schumann, a daughter of the great composer, and Louie with Mr. William Shakespeare. It was soon after her return that Annie was made an Associate of the Royal College of Music. She made wonderful progress under Fraulein Schumann, and had the further advantage of studying for one summer under Mr. Leonard Borwick, when Fraulein Schumann was called away to Germany. Miss Löwe had the pleasure of performing before Joachim, who said that there was no artist alive who could play the Carnival like that.

Miss
A Wonderful
Left
Hand.
Anna
Löwe
has

such a wonderful left hand that she has to take care it does not overpower the other. This is not a difficulty that many pianists are troubled with. When she was giving her first concert Fraulein Schumann advised her to play Brahms' transcription of a study of Weber's, because it would show off this special facility. The story connected with the transcription is this. When Brahms was a student he was given this study to learn, but was blamed by his teacher for not having mastered a certain passage. Brahms was so nettled at this that he made a difficult transcription of the piece, and, when he next came for his lesson, shewed that he was able to play the passage, not only with his right hand, but

with his left. All the acknowledgment that Miss Löwe got for playing this *tour de force* was that one of the critics inquired why she had played a transcription, whilst the original composition could be procured! Miss Löwe has not often had to complain of the Press, however, for at her *début* all the critics were unanimous in their acknowledgment of her very great artistic gifts.

In addition to her pianoforte playing Miss Anna Löwe is an excellent conductor, and she is never so happy as when she is conducting an orchestra. She has given several concerts at which her amateur choir has performed important works, and her choir and orchestra have often been heard of late at St. Peter's, Kennington Park Road, where they have given the voluntaries, hymns, canticles, and responses. Miss Löwe is most



(Photo by Alice Hughes.)

Miss Anna Löwe.

steady at rehearsals. Her choir may talk before and after, but once rehearsing they mustn't waste a minute. They all enjoy the rehearsals, and leave as though inspired.

A
True Artist.

Miss Louie Löwe is like her sister a true artist, and, like her, also, as frank and unaffected as the daylight. She is a wonderfully accomplished musician, she plays all the instruments—piano, organ, violin, and viola. She has a fine voice of such

exceptional range that many critics would find it difficult where to "place" it. Her master, Mr. Shakespeare, told her it was a mezzo-soprano-contralto. Her family like her contralto notes best in a room, and her high ones in a hall. She is her own greatest critic. She works enormously at a song before singing it, for she says, "all we present to the public should be perfect." She is extremely fond of oratorio music, and few who heard it will forget her rendering of "Hear, O Israel" at Dr. Kerr Grey's church in Albemarle Street on the occasion of the special service given for the London Rifles before they went out to South Africa. She also sang "Oh, rest in the Lord" with great effect at Marylebone Church on the occasion of the wedding of a lady organist. Her chief affections, however, are given to the songs of Brahms and

Schumann, for she truly loves the music of the future. What is very curious, however, she is also particularly successful with singing the quaint, old-fashioned songs of Haydn and Handel, and it is a true delight to hear her rendering of that quaint old song by the latter composer, called "The Dance," where the "light fantastic toe" is expressed by means of careful syncopation. Louie Löwe is such a conscientious artist that her master, Mr. Shakespeare, once told her laughingly that if ever he

wanted lessons of anybody he would take them of her. The *Times* critic spoke very favourably of her when she made her *début* at the joint concert given by the two sisters in St. James' Hall a couple of years since. He said "She sings with understanding, and it is evident that she has great musical taste and instinct, while her exceedingly unaffected style must ever find her friends."

The Misses Löwe are partly Danish, and they were very efficient helpers in the recent concert for the Danish Sailors' Church.



(Photo by Alice Hughes.)

Miss Louie Löwe.

WRIT-

Fairy
Tales
from Far
and Near.

TEN OS-
tensibly

with a view to pleasing the youthful mind, "Fairy Tales from Far and Near" has in it also the power to charm the mind mature. The authoress (Miss A. Hyatt - Woolf) renders her volume of short stories doubly attractive by reason of the charming and original illus-

trations, but in themselves they are an eminently bright and readable selection of storyettes. If the themes on which she bases her fairy tales be not altogether new to us, we can only praise her method of treating them in such a manner as to lend an interest generally born of the strikingly original alone. Were it possible to single out any particular fable and style it the most entertaining, we should probably choose "The Fortunes of a Woodcutter." Miss Hyatt-Woolf is no amateur, and

one cannot deny the grace of her literary style. The most serious error we can notice in the volume is the partial concealment of its writer's name in mysterious hieroglyphics. The book comes, in beautiful covers, from the press of Mr. John McQueen.

**An
At-Home.**

Mrs. Lionel H. Barnard had a delightful "At Home" on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 20th to welcome her friends to her new house, 39 Holland Park. The hostess, who was attired in an elegant lace gown, received her guests in a charming drawing-room decorated after the Louis XVI period. The "Japs" gave a brilliant entertainment to a very appreciative audience which was followed by some clever imitations by the little "Valli Valli" and a graceful dance by the hostess' charming little daughter "Margery." She with her two pretty brothers formed quite a feature of the afternoon's attractions. Refreshments were served in the large Jacobean dining-room. Among the guests, who numbered upwards of 250 (notwithstanding the counter-attractions of Sandown), were Mr. and Mrs. R. Davies, Mr. John H. Gretton, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hoffmann, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Stoneham, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Orchardson, Mr. and Mrs. Jules de Meray, Mr. Willie Gordon, Mrs. Joseph da Costa Andrade, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Birkbeck, Count and Countess Max Hollander, Mr. and Miss Lachman, Mr. Arthur Jay, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Mendl, Sig. and Mme. Denza, Mr. and Mrs. Augé, &c.

**The Ludgate Art
Gallery.**

Our Art Gallery has been a great success. We do not mean from our point of view alone, for while we have every reason to be satisfied with the results of our efforts to place good Art in every home, those who have obtained the pictures have likewise been gratified with the charming and decorative works sent to them. And small wonder that they are. The feeble reproductions which we are able

to display in our advertising columns really do no justice to what they represent. We can only recommend our readers to make early application for these pictures (coupons must in all cases be sent) otherwise they may be doomed to disappointment.

**The Lord High
Yankee.**

The Presidential Election has come and gone, and the anxiety of the public mind, in so far as it existed, has been set at rest. It is impossible not to look back upon the circumstances of the former election, when Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley, as now, met in the lists. Public interest was then excited in a painful degree, party spirit ran high, general business held its breath, and even the dealers in stocks, ready though they are, or are supposed to be, to take every sort of gambling risk, to any extent, felt paralyzed by the extraordinary effect upon every class of security and every kind of business and business risk that would follow upon a victory for the silver candidate, which was then regarded as a possibility by all, and by many as a certainty. Again in 1900 the two champions were to meet, but, this time, the result, however spirited the struggle might be, seemed a foregone conclusion, and the victor's crown was made ready to the measure of the head of him who had ruled the "States" with some distinction and wisdom since 1896.

Hail, Columbia!

In the days when chivalry held sway the victor would have laid his crown at the feet of the Queen of Beauty, as the most worthy; but we fear the fair Columbia will wait long before her Lord for the time being will render her this homage, or render her anything like the whole-hearted love and service the knight paid to his ladye. Presidential Elections are conducted on lines too selfish for such a consummation. The victor on such occasions crowns himself, and, thereby, his party. For every other section of the nation and especially for the best

section, there follows another weary four years of waiting and hoping, with then the same disappointment.

Acting
up to it.

In the Land of the Almighty Dollar, they act up even too well to the advice of their National Anthem:—

"Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,"

and the bad rhyming troubles them not.

May of the Morel Glen. Columbia's case quite reverses the quaint case of the heroine of the Scottish ballad, "May of the Morel Glen," who, encountering a King and his whole court, made instant conquest of them all, and declined their offers because they were all married men, but promised to accept the first who should prove a widower, with the result that—

"... seventy-

seven wedded dames,
As fair as e'er were born,
The very pride of all the land,
Were dead before the morn."

When an American President prefers to strangle Tammany for Columbia's sake he will prove his love and loyalty.

Disposing of a
Calumny.

The Stock Exchange is no lover of Tammany, and has a sincere respect for Columbia; it is loyal to the core; is a connoisseur, if no critic, of national anthems, to some of which it

has devoted much time during the year. It has an eye to business, of course, but is by no means the wild harum scarum place of helter skelter gambling; it is usually represented to be from irresponsible, not to say ill-informed, pulpits and platforms. Many excellent people probably also would not believe us if we were to tell them that only a very small majority of dealers gamble, in the true sense, at all. Although compassed about by temptations to do so, being canny, although not Scotch, and being aware of the too frequent and disastrous



"Veni, Vidi, Vict."

consequences, they confine themselves to legitimate business. Legitimate business, however, implies legitimate business risk, and exceptional conditions of the market may force upon them in a single day large risks which, entered

into for the mere fun of the thing, would be the wildest speculation. But, with markets normal, your dealer in stocks is but a shrewd man in business, who has a very intimate knowledge of his wares, and, if many of the goods are "fragile" or "perishable" he takes good care generally to buy them at a figure which will leave a margin in his favour for eventualities. Thus he is neither philanthropist nor prodigal, but merely a kind-hearted man taking care of his family.

And a
New Minister.

Another question that was mooted in the public Press not long ago—the appointment of a special Minister for London—is not taken seriously either. The idea is admitted to be a good one, but the views of his duties are open to criticism as frivolous. After the experiences of the C.I.V. day, the Commander-in-Chief even might be promoted to the post. It is presumed that the Minister would have a *veto* on the L.C.C. licensing decisions; could remove at his pleasure the Boards of certain Kent railways, and make them do something in connection with "time"; might compel the resignation of the Postmaster-General if he tore up the streets on any pretext. It is confidently expected that he would insist on the City Companies resigning their turtle soup to the customers of the Alexandra Restaurant; that he would reduce rents in the City to a reasonable level; would decree holidays on the Stock Exchange on the smallest provocation; and would do away with the Westralian market by weeding out all Companies that have not a clean record. These and many other things shall he do.

Our Occasional
Knights.

Pax semper nobiscum may be bad Latin, but 'tis a true bill for a great personage who looks down upon the Yankee market like the tower of the Crystal Palace, which he might perhaps have built had he been born soon enough. Yet he was not born yesterday, is not to be trifled with, has a fine (and large) presence, and a genuine, if genial, temper. Much

valuable time may be lost by endeavouring to "spot" this in the Second Extra of the *Sun*. There is no guinea attached to the solution.

In the
Jungle.

The "House" has taken to itself a new market, respectfully called the "Jungle," disrespectfully the "—assi" market, which makes a speciality of West African Mines, the names of some of which wind up (fateful phrase) with —assi, Attassi, Obbu-assi, Akinassi. Its dealings are somewhat fitful at present, but great things are expected, as usual in these cases. West Africa, however, deserves consideration, and, if but one half of the prophets prophesy not falsely, the Gold Coast ought soon to be added to the number of prosperous colonies. This could hardly be its claim hitherto, as its chief success has been reaped in the harvest of white life: "Death cometh with his sickle." However, that is a fact that must not be given too much importance, because the inland, where many of the mines are, is high and healthy. Also the researches of the School of Tropical Diseases seem likely to have beneficent influence, and even if they cannot transform the "white man's grave" into the white man's "home," it may at least become a white man's habitation.

A Pick-a-back
Dinner.

The result of a wager lost by Mr. John Joel, of Barnato Bros., was a dinner recently at the Carlton Hotel, which is said to establish an easy record for price in such functions in London, namely, £10 per head, and is inscribed in the rolls of fame as the Pick-a-back Dinner, because the wager was that one man of 13st. should carry another, not lighter, 100 yards along Throgmorton Street. The crowd in the street made the bet impossible, and the Pick-a-back Dinner was the consequence, to the tune of £250, the guests numbering twenty-five. The next best on record, in point of cost, was the so-called Red Dinner given some years ago by Mr. Woolf Joel at the Savoy Restaurant.